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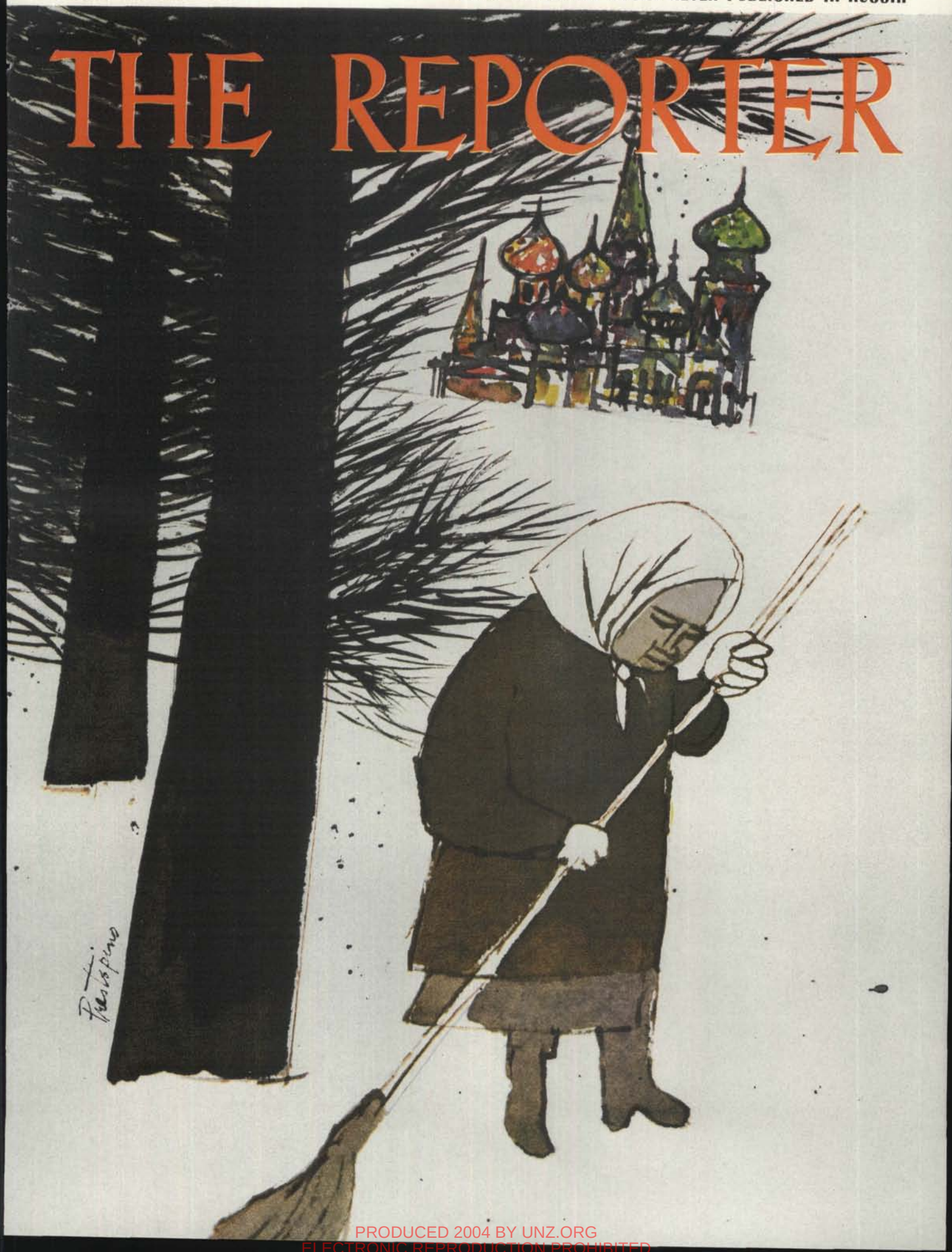
A RUSSIAN SHORT STORY NEVER PUBLISHED IN RUSSIA

# THE REPORTER



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# WHO– WHAT– WHY–

IN THE FINAL WEEKS of the 1960 Presidential campaign a confused story came to light having to do with a loan of $205,000 made by the Hughes Tool Company to Donald Nixon, brother of the Republican Presidential candidate. The news handling of the story in papers across the country was erratic, to say the least. Last fall the New England Society of Newspaper Editors sponsored a study of impartiality in the news columns of its member papers, and after examining what was actually carried on the story, the three-man committee reached the conclusion that ". . . whatever the motives or the news-judgment reasoning the total coverage of the forty-three New England newspapers being studied on this story was meager and incompetent enough to give critical readers sufficient room to suspect actual political bias." Aside from the special concerns of journalism, of course, the story raises a number of other interesting questions about ethics and sound judgment. **James R. Phelan,** a free-lance writer, has for several months been working on a detailed reconstruction of the circumstances of the Hughes-Nixon loan on assignment by the Long Beach *Independent* and *Press-Telegram*, Herman Ridder, publisher. Mr. Phelan's findings, which we present in this issue, will also appear in these California papers.

THIS SUMMER has been a hot, dry one in many parts of the country. But for sheer gasping discomfort and crop-destroying drought, perhaps no area can compare with the District of Columbia. For some years now legislators have had to dismiss from their minds any hope of getting out of Washington by the Fourth of July: because of the pressure of work the date of adjournment seems to be getting later and later. But somehow, it seems, the more there is to do under the Capitol dome, the less expeditiously it is done. And this year, despite all the headlines and noise, Congress seems all too likely to end up with very little to show for its efforts. In this issue, we present three more or less distressing reports on the frenzy of talkative activity and the paucity of demonstrable results that seem to typify the capital city during this hot, dry summer. Our Washington editor, **Douglass Cater,** discusses the troubles of the new leadership in the Senate. . . . **Meg Greenfield,** a staff writer, writes about affairs in the House, which, being a larger body, is even less easy to lead—particularly by those who would treat it like an obdurate dumb beast. . . . **Worth Bingham** and **Ward S. Just** describe some of the young would-be animal trainers. Mr. Bingham is a Washington correspondent for the Louisville *Courier-Journal*; Mr. Just is a member of *Newsweek's* Washington bureau. . . . The end of the fighting in Algeria has not brought peace. As our French correspondent, **Edmond Taylor,** reports, the émigré leaders have returned amid a host of personal squabbles to find that they have lost touch with the country they wish to lead.

THE SHORT STORY in this issue, as indicated on the title page, is by a Russian writing under a pseudonym and has never been published in Russian, much less in Russia. The nightmarish events it describes would not seem too farfetched to Russian readers, for whom the price of survival has often been the denunciation of colleagues, friends, and even members of their own families. . . . **Marya Mannes** discusses the tendency of the mass magazines to become more market than magazine. . . . **Alfred Kazin's** latest book is *Contemporaries* (Atlantic Monthly Press). . . . **Bertram B. Johansson** is Latin-American editor for the *Christian Science Monitor*.

Our cover for this issue is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

**TO OUR READERS**

**Two nonconsecutive issues of *The Reporter* are dropped from the publishing schedule each summer. After this August 16 issue your next copy will be dated September 13. Our regularly fortnightly schedule will then be resumed.**



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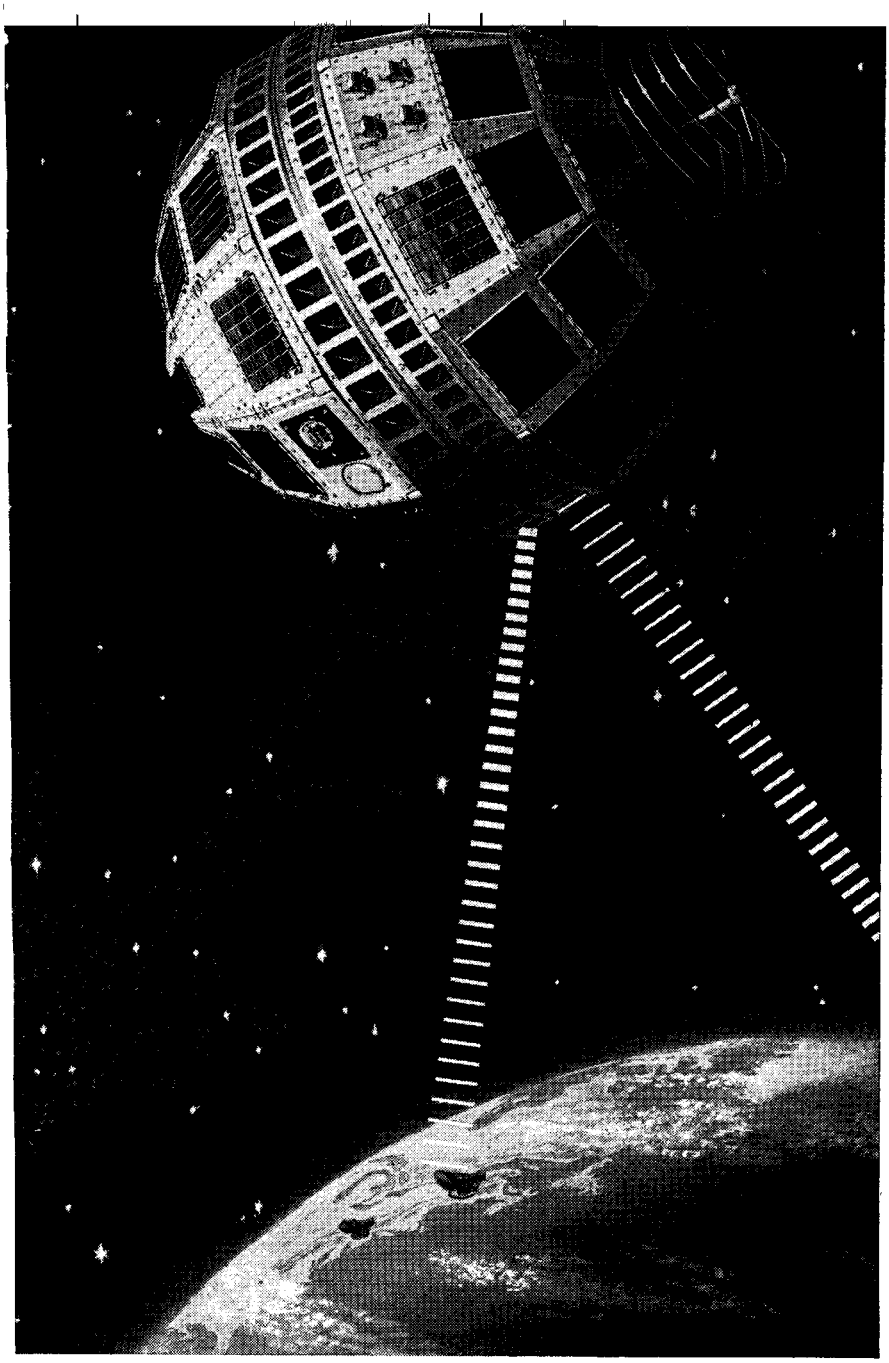
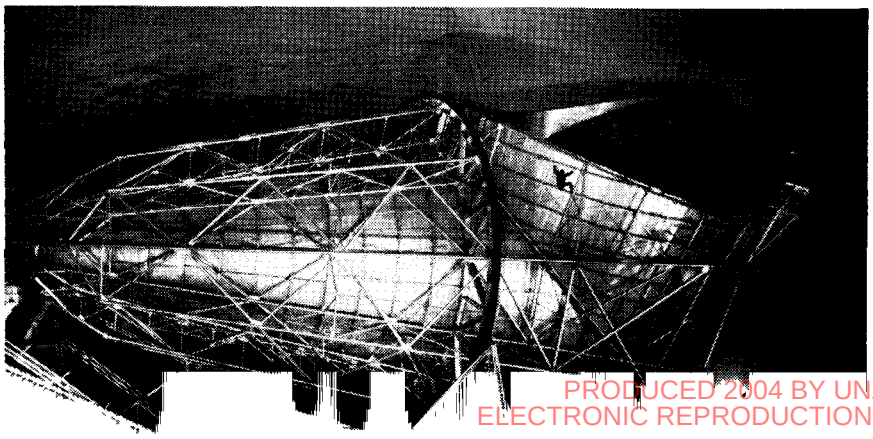


INSIDE GROUND STATION "RADOME" AT ANDOVER, MAINE. Giant antenna (note man near rim of horn) concentrates signals to Telstar in a narrow, powerful beam. The same antenna also receives extremely weak signals coming from Telstar and amplifies them billions of times.



# New "TELSTAR" relays phone calls and TV pictures for first time!

## Bell System microwave-in-sky satellite is latest communications triumph for America arising from telephone research

The world's first private enterprise communications satellite is now being used for dramatic experiments in relaying telephone calls and television internationally.

Its name: Telstar. It was launched from Cape Canaveral at Bell System expense by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

Telstar receives signals beamed to it from a ground station, amplifies them and transmits them to another station on the ground below—perhaps an ocean away from the first one. The new satellite thus acts as a microwave relay station in the sky, enabling voices, TV pictures and data messages to leap thousands of miles in a new and exciting way.

The ground stations in the U.S. now being used for Telstar were built by the Bell System at Andover, Maine, and Holmdel, New Jersey. Organizations abroad have built stations in England and France. The latter, a near replica of the station in Maine, was assembled with Bell System cooperation. A receiving station in Italy will be ready late this year, and another in West Germany next year.

Telstar is a major experimental step toward a world-wide satellite communications system that was first proposed as a practical venture at Bell Telephone Laboratories. Progress toward such a system has depended on many contributions by the private communications industry, including six basic components—the transistor, the solar battery, the traveling wave tube, ruby masers, the waveguide, and new antennas for the ground stations with innovations in circuitry—direct outgrowths of Bell System research and development.

Above all else, Telstar is the latest achievement in an unending Bell System quest—the search for ways to make your telephone service still better, more economical, and more useful.

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## MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

**...on the First Church of Christ Economist**

Fortunately, few today follow Christian doctrines —for were they to do so, our Gross National Product, instead of mounting as it must, would plummet downward. **Esquire stands for social commentary with a Swiftian twist by such angry young men as Gore Vidal, William Styron, Brock Brower and an occasional irate elder statesman.**

## WILLIAM FAULKNER

**...an excerpt from his last novel, The Reivers**

...he cleared his throat loud and hard and went to the window and opened it and leaned out and spit and closed the window and came back to the bed, not looking at me, talking loud, like somebody that comes upstairs first on Christmas morning and tells you what you're going to get on the Christmas tree that's not the thing you wrote Santa Claus for... **Esquire means top fiction means Roth, Miller, Wilson, Capote, Duerrenmatt, and some new names you'll be hearing lots about.**

## JACK PAAR

**...on the state of the Fourth Estate**

There is a well-oiled saw among reporters which says that they are afraid of only three things: chronic alcoholism, hemmorrhoids, and impotency. **Esquire has a way with the verbal dart, arrow, bullet. Deadly accuracy with the rhetorical ballistic missile, as Huntington Hartford, J. B. Priestley, David Schoenbrun take off on the countdown.**

## DWIGHT MACDONALD

**...flays a new film**

Miss McKenna's hopelessly mannered trick of mouthing her words could be justified only if they were something to eat. **Esquire takes in all the arts—including the honorable art of living the leisure life. Dorothy Parker (books), Dick Joseph (travel), Martin Mayer (hi-fi & stereo), and assorted features on fashion, drinks, sports.**

## RICHARD ROVERE

**...on the American Woman**

I think that one of the rights a woman should have is the right not to avail herself of her rights. **Apron strings, purse strings, heart strings, momism, Oedipus, Electra—Esquire has lots to say about the fair sex. (Sometimes Esquire says nothing. Merely stares.)**

## WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, jr.

**...on the late Whittaker Chambers**

As a Communist he sleepwalked to heavy Dostoyevskian music... **Full-face or profile, Esquire catches them all in their proper (and, sometimes, not so proper) perspective. Producer, writer, housewife—Jerry Wald, Ernest Hemingway, Jacqueline Kennedy.**

## HARRY S. ASHMORE

**...on the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions**

Associate Justice William O. Douglas pushed forward that notable face, which looks like a relief map of the high country he loves, and gently inquired of the Reverend John Courtney Murray, S. J. "How would you like to have your confessional bugged?" **Esquire taps the national-life line, investigates the situation from striking politicians to pilots-on-strike—all with the aid of experts like Burton Crane, Steward Udall, Harvey Swados.**

## MELINA MERCOURI

**...on love**

## THOMAS B. MORGAN

**...on Teddy Kennedy**

So far the only challenge that Kennedy has failed to accept was that of an Indian who offered to shoot a cigarette out of his mouth with a .22 bullet. "He would have done that," a friend said, "but Teddy doesn't smoke." **Esquire reports on politics, even Politik, with estimates—to left, right and center—by some shrewdly accurate observers—Dan Wakefield, Neil Morgan, Bob Considine.**

**From Norman Mailer to Norman Rockwell, here's what they're saying about today's Esquire:**

**Norman Mailer:** I've had my differences with Esquire over the years but I think one must admit that it is now the best popular magazine in America for any writer who takes himself seriously, has something unusual, exceptional, fierce or critical to say and wishes to be paid a reasonable amount for it.

**Norman Rockwell:** Now that it has become an adult magazine, and a medium for the best in modern writing, I find it most interesting and enjoyable.

If you haven't taken a look at ESQUIRE lately, you're in for a surprise. The coupon below offers you a chance (half-priced, too) to discover why close to a million men consider ESQUIRE the undisputed voice of authority, excitement, taste. Mail the coupon today, and your subscription will include at no extra cost ESQUIRE'S famed Christmas Jubilee Issue, a $1-a-copy year-end Annual that's so magnificently done-up it's often gone from the stands as soon as it gets there. Among this year's wrap-up contributors: F. H. Auden, Tennessee Williams, Norman Mailer, Robert Bolt.

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## TEACHING MACHINES

**To the Editor:** Spencer Klaw's "What Can We Learn from the Teaching Machines?" (*The Reporter,* July 19) highlights in admirable fashion the growth of programmed instruction and its impact on education. Mr. Klaw, however, has overlooked one crucial element in the pattern of acceptance of teaching machines by our nation's schools. This element is inertia. Education tends to resist change.

It has been our experience that educational publishers, suppliers of school materials, administrators, teachers, and even parents are reluctant to experiment with or explore new and possibly better instructional techniques and materials. It is a dismal fact that out of some $24 billion spent annually on education in the United States, only $100 *million* goes for what might be termed "research and development." This amounts to less than one-half of one per cent, or a small fraction of the average percentage that industry invests in research and development.

While one can approve the general protection afforded students from exploitation by outside quackery (this has nothing to do with the kind of quackery that may be within the school), it is lamentable that in a world aflame with innovation, where yesterday's vision is today's reality, the attention given to new instructional materials should be so limited.

ADRIAN B. SANFORD, President
Educational Development Corp.
Palo Alto, California

**To the Editor:** The best thing that could happen to education would be to give it back to the classroom teachers. Instead they stand dutifully by as textbook publishers, get-rich-quick teaching-machine developers, and even the public tell them how to run the schools.

The teacher used to be able to go into her room, close the door, and teach. She drilled when she had to. Then, with progressive education, drill became a horror word. She did not drill; she could not even close the door any more. It had to be opened to psychologists, guidance counselors, co-ordinators, curriculum experts, and the PTA's as education went big-time. And now to add to the confusion, a form of drill is back via the teaching machine.

AMELIA NUGENT
Rochester, New York

**To the Editor:** I would like to enlarge upon a statement I made and Mr. Klaw quoted concerning what can and cannot be programed: "We can instruct a pupil to spell, to punctuate, to use words properly.... However, no method of instruction can teach a person how to write or think creatively, for such things depend on far more subtle types



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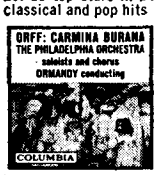

16. "Superb...best recording."—Wash. Post

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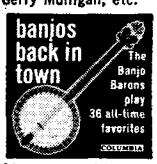

28. "Packed with rowdy gusto."—High Fidelity

5. The Rain in Spain, Show Me, 16 in all

2. I'm Always Chasing Rainbows, 12 in all

34. Also: The Boy Next Door, Bewitched, etc.

3. Also: How High the Moon, etc.

47. Isle of Capri, Siboney, Say Si Si, etc.

31. A Wonderful Guy, I Love Paris, 12 in all

4. Moonlight Bay, Avalon, 16 hits in all

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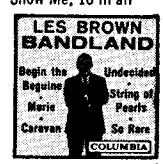

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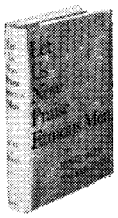

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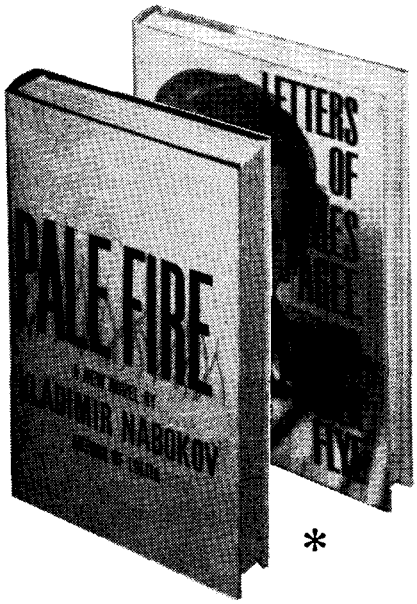


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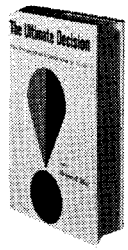

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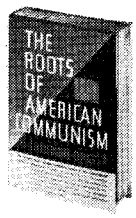


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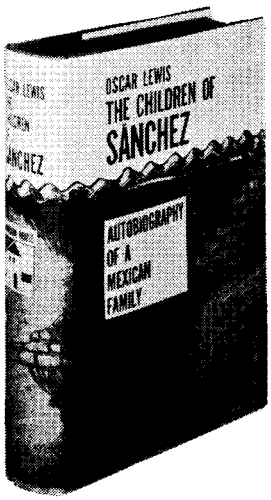


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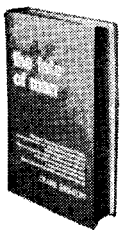

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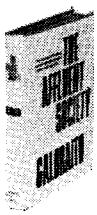


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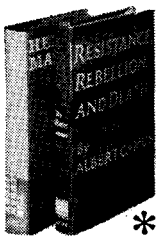

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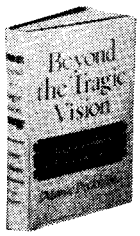


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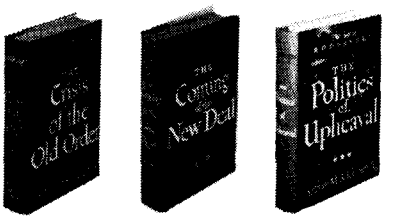

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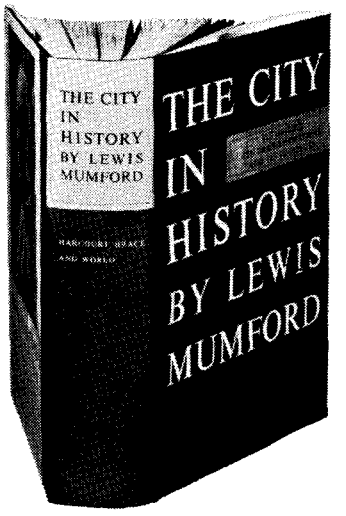

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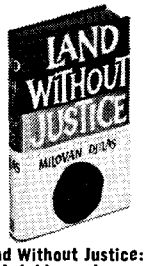

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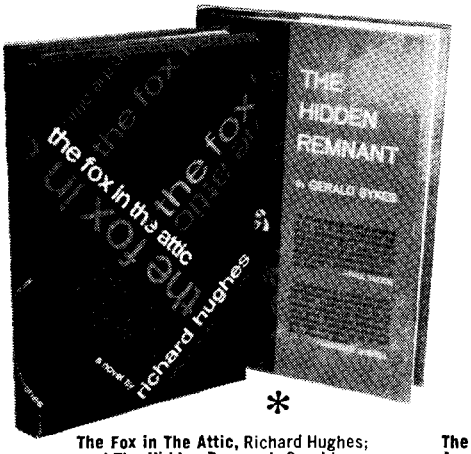

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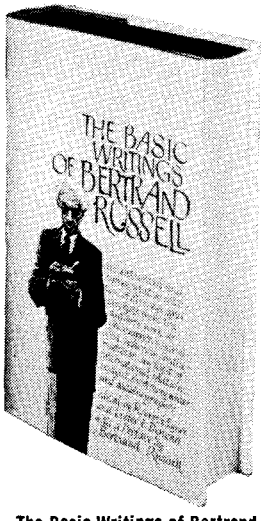

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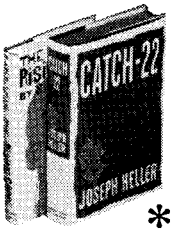

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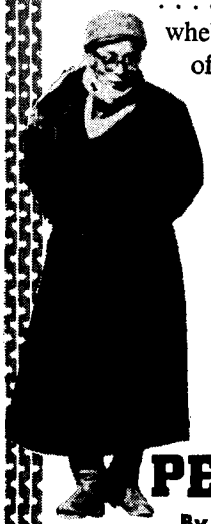

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of reinforcement than a program alone can provide."

A number of people here at the Center, the University of California, the American Institute for Research, and other places throughout the country are deeply involved in trying to analyze and program "creative behavior." You can, then, readily understand my dismay when I saw myself quoted in a way which seemed to align me with those who believe they can predict the limits by which programed instruction will be bound.

P. Kenneth Komoski, President
The Center for Programed Instruction, Inc.
New York

**To the Editor:** "What Can We Learn from Teaching Machines?" Maybe we can learn why we are becoming less human and more like trained animals.

Alexis C. Ferm
Fairhope, Alabama

**To the Editor:** Mr. Klaw's very comprehensive article might have included a pair of paradoxical observations of considerable interest:

1) The intellectual soil has been made fertile for the teaching machines by the near-universal addiction of young and old to television. The physical resemblance between the two instruments in their basic physical format is inescapable, and psychologists can turn out many a paper on the "transference" involved.

2) This same near-universal addiction to television, which threatened a continual decrease in interest in the printed word, is now on the road to producing a renewed interest in the acquisition of knowledge through the printed word—via the TVish teaching machine.

Newton Minow, take note!

Edgar H. Leoni
New York

**To the Editor:** Whatever its format or technological efficiency, the idealized outcome of "programmed learning" of any variety invariably amounts to mastery of stereotyped responses or flawless mechanistic performances of memorization feats. Although training of this sort may be vital to many aspects of living and even to the accomplishment of certain educational tasks, the perfection of such skills ultimately could prove to be an insuperable obstacle to the development of critical evaluation and judgment. Ingrained conditioned passivity and rigid adherence to sterile memorization as the highest standard of success hardly provide fertile soil for the cultivation of the intellectual curiosity and initiative so indispensable to original creative thought. The alleged panacea of mechanized pedagogy represents a misleading if unconvincing attempt to equate memory proficiency and instancy of response with authentic academic achievement. Although well-intentioned, the devotees of the growing American cult of programmed learning are inclined



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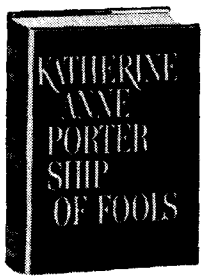


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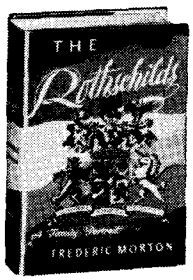


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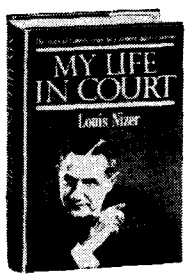


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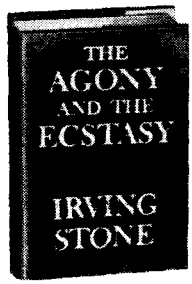


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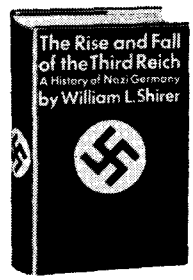


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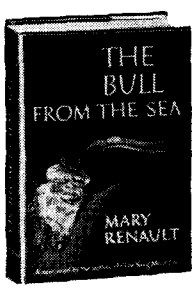


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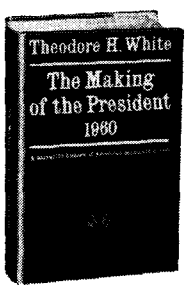


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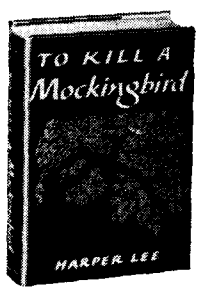


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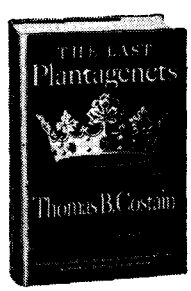


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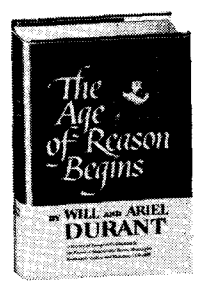


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to ignore or are oblivious to dangers implicit in their mechanized techniques.

SYLVAN M. BERMAN
Auburn, New York

**To the Editor:** Mr. Klaw's article represents a much more thoughtful and objective analysis of the field of programmed instruction than most of the recent popular writing on the subject. My reservation about Mr. Klaw's article (and about most other summaries I have seen) concerns the attempt to dramatize and simplify the case by concentrating on the "conflicting schools" of B. F. Skinner and Norman Crowder. I believe that the most dramatic and lasting improvements in instructional methodology will come through the work of investigators who are not tied to any particular "school" or theoretical model, but are willing to explore new ideas from any source. The resulting configurations may not look much like the "conventional" forms of programmed instruction expounded by either Professor Skinner or Mr. Crowder.

JOHN E. COULSON
Center for Research
System Development Corp.
Santa Monica, California

**To the Editor:** Mr. Klaw made the point that private industry is potentially a large market for programmed instruction both for training and sales purposes; certainly this is true. Perhaps a bit of caution should be exercised here, however. Programmed instruction should not be used for any purpose unless there is good reason, substantiated by careful analysis, to believe that it will be more effective than present methods. Specifically in industry, programmed instruction will prove to be most useful if it is integrated with other training and sales programs. Now more than ever must industry make use of individuals who are not only experts in the discipline of programmed instruction but also in the broader aspects of training and sales.

CHARLES S. MORRILL
*Senior Scientist*
Training Systems Department
Bolt Beranek and Newman, Inc.
Cambridge, Massachusetts

## ERRATUM

**To the Editor:** Thank you for giving our book, *The U-2 Affair*, the lead review in your issue of July 19. I confess I was somewhat perplexed by the criticism by your reviewer, Mr. William Lee Miller, of "specific" detail and "exact" information in a historical work. His position becomes more understandable, however, in the light of the fact that he continually referred to the authors as "Wise and Brown." Now, Mr. Thomas B. Ross, co-author of *The U-2 Affair* with me, has no strong objection to this lamentable lapse on the part of Mr. Miller. However, we venture to speculate that Mr. Brown, whoever he may be, is extremely distressed about the whole thing.

DAVID WISE
Washington



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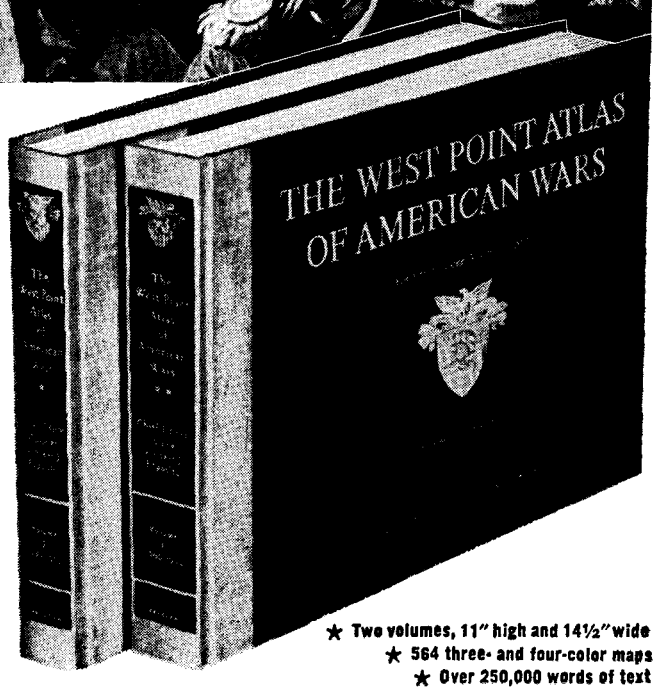


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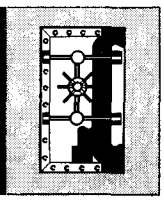

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# THE REPORTER'S NOTES

## Changing the Guard

The French, with their passion for discovering a logical pattern in even the most accidental events, have been struggling—without much success—to read some clear meaning into the recent shuffling of American generals.

At first it seemed all too clear. General Lauris Norstad, who resigned as NATO commander, was known to share the Pentagon's desire to see our NATO partners raise the level of their conventional forces. But as *Le Monde* put it, "He understood too well the general disquiet of European government heads not to accept their contention that they could not be expected to supply mere foot sloggers while adequate nuclear cover was withheld." To allay European anxiety and to build up co-operation with the United States on a basis of equal partnership, Norstad has long advocated a collective NATO nuclear deterrent. But Norstad is now out.

Worse still, General James M. Gavin, the foremost official champion of American nuclear co-operation with de Gaulle, is also out, having resigned from his position as ambassador in Paris. According to *Le Figaro's* guesswork, Gavin was the victim of the same "Harvard thinkers" in Washington who did in Norstad.

General Maxwell D. Taylor, however, is in—as chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs. And according to *Le Monde's* tart comment, Taylor's concept of nuclear deterrence would assign the European countries roles "comparable to those of Korea or Iran."

French enthusiasts of European integration have argued that Norstad's proposed NATO deterrent was the best possible antidote to de Gaulle's independent French deterrent and that in not backing him up the Kennedy administration has been undercutting not only NATO and Europe but its own doctrine of discouraging nuclear proliferation.

"From the diplomatic point of view," wrote a leading pro-Atlantic and anti-Gaullist French commentator, former Premier Félix Gaillard, "the French national striking force is certainly not a means for strengthening the Atlantic Alliance. . . . But neither is American nationalism. If I were an American, I would hesitate to encourage the proliferation of national nuclear forces, but I would realize that the only way of avoiding it would be to organize bona fide atomic co-operation within the framework of the alliance—particularly with a politically united Europe. Because it lacks clarity and realism on these points American policy is bringing about the opposite of what it seeks."

On this last point there is a good deal of agreement. Along with some of the usual sour comments, even the anti-American Daily *Combat* had some sound advice to offer on the virtues of clarity: "In the final analysis the most adroit diplomacy consists in being so clear that nobody can make a mistake about what one means, whether it is in Paris, Bonn—or Moscow."

## The Harlem Proconsul

When Adam Clayton Powell, the tempestuous preacher-congressman from Harlem, bought himself a *pied-à-terre* in Puerto Rico a couple of years ago, there was talk that he might soon relinquish the trials of political life for the tranquillity of beachcombing. As he wistfully told a reporter, "When I've been holed up for about three days, am unshaven, out of touch with the world, and the rain starts coming down on the roof, I get to thinking I'm Somerset Maugham." The day of retirement seemed even nearer when Powell married his Puerto Rican secretary and ensconced her this year in the new beach house which he had dubbed "Villa Reposo." (As a hedge against the future he kept her on his congressional payroll.)

But those who feared Powell was



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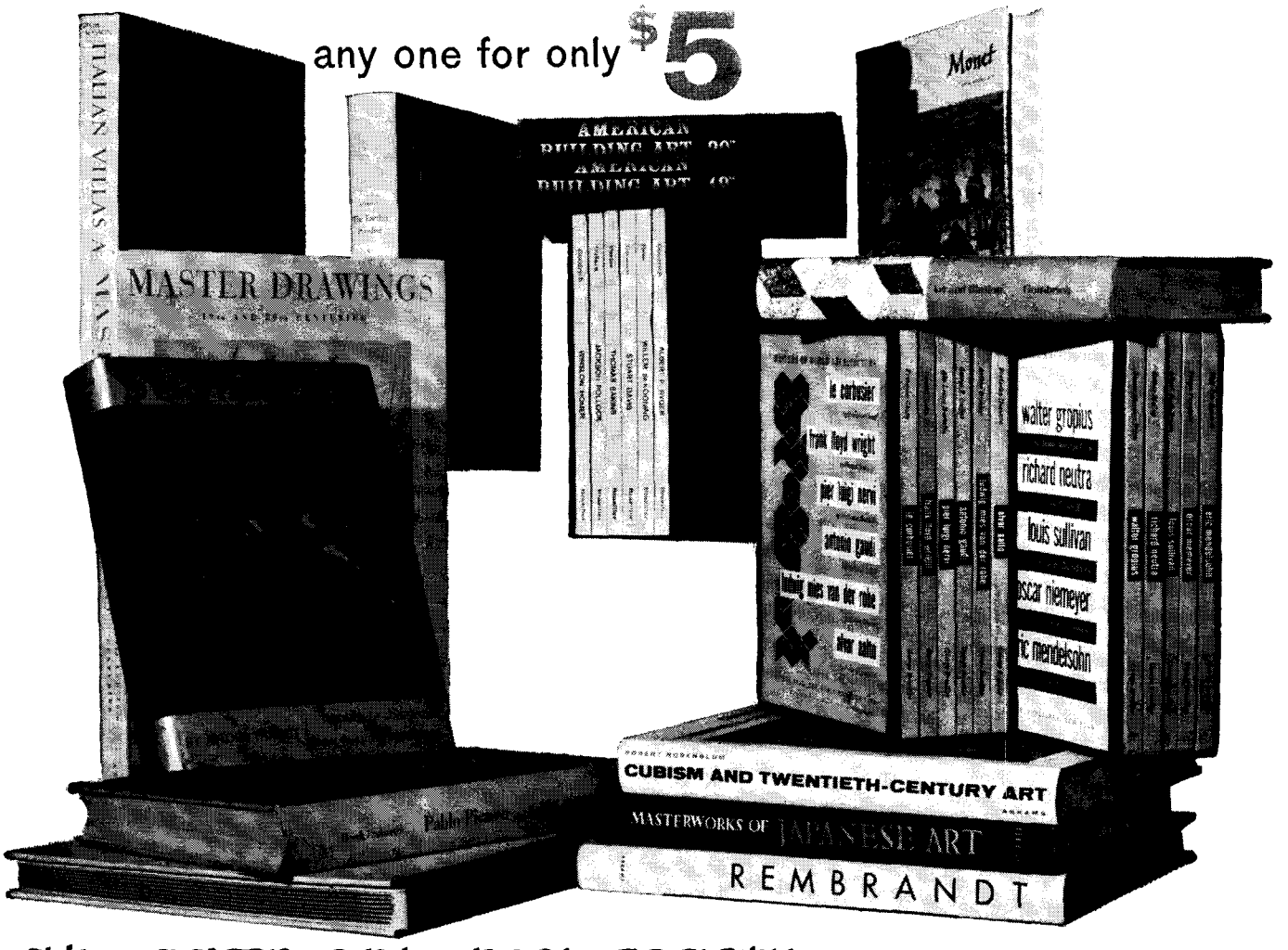


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entering an age of serenity need not have bothered. It was inevitable that he should get into island politics and, typically, whole hog. His wife came from a prominent pro-statehood family. Powell, a Democrat, began openly consorting with Luis Ferre, the Republican statehood leader, much to the irritation of Governor Muñoz Marín, who maintains ties with the mainland Democratic Party and is trying to nourish the unique concept of commonwealth. Ferre's public-relations firm commenced distributing statements by Powell urging Puerto Ricans, "Now, not in ten years, not in one year, not tomorrow, but now, rise up with all the dignity and strength God has given you as one people and proclaim: We will start fighting for Statehood, now."

For Governor Muñoz it was bad enough to have this off-islander injecting himself into the dispute over the island's future status. But it grew intolerable when Powell plunged headlong into an even more sensitive issue among proud Puerto Ricans who cling to Spanish as their vernacular language. Unhappily, teaching in English is linked with an earlier tradition of American colonialism. Suddenly this summer, Powell roundly lambasted Muñoz's secretary of education on the grounds that he was de-emphasizing English. Powell suggested that as chairman of the House Education and Labor Committee he might feel obliged to cut off Federal school aid funds.

There were immediate and united reactions. Both the San Juan *Star* and *El Mundo*, the island's leading papers, came to the defense of the education secretary. *El Mundo* declared: "We . . . reject the Harlem congressman's attempt to become a political power on the island. Puerto Rico is sufficiently mature to solve its own problems . . ."

On July 16, four men, presumably *independentistas,* threw a rock and a large quantity of ripe fruit through the window of Villa Reposo. Next day, Powell held a press conference in Washington and revived painful memories by alluding to the assassination attempt on Truman by Puerto Rican fanatics. While denying that he sought political leadership in Puerto Rico, he again called for an immediate plebiscite.

Governor Muñoz is no slouch when it comes to politics. A week later, while the island was celebrating the tenth anniversary of the establishment of the commonwealth, Vice-President Lyndon Johnson arrived in San Juan bearing an exchange of letters between the governor and President Kennedy. Muñoz had proposed that "the time has now come when the people . . . should consider how to perfect the Commonwealth concept within their permanent association with the Federal Union." At the same time, they would also have "opportunity to indicate their preference clearly and directly for any other form of governmental relationship if they should prefer any such other form." Mr. Kennedy responded cordially: "I see no rea-

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What else? What new monstrosity
Of mind or soul long after? What despair,
What malady of flesh? Who knows, who knows
But that release is dearly bought when bought
Rather than won in solitary war
On the darkest nights. There is a trick in ease;
The quick escape, unfought for, should suffice
To alarm the mind. But still, flesh, mind
Crave the relief, now, soon—
Whether from terrors of the spirit or of this earth
To flee, to drown; even to fly
To the moon.

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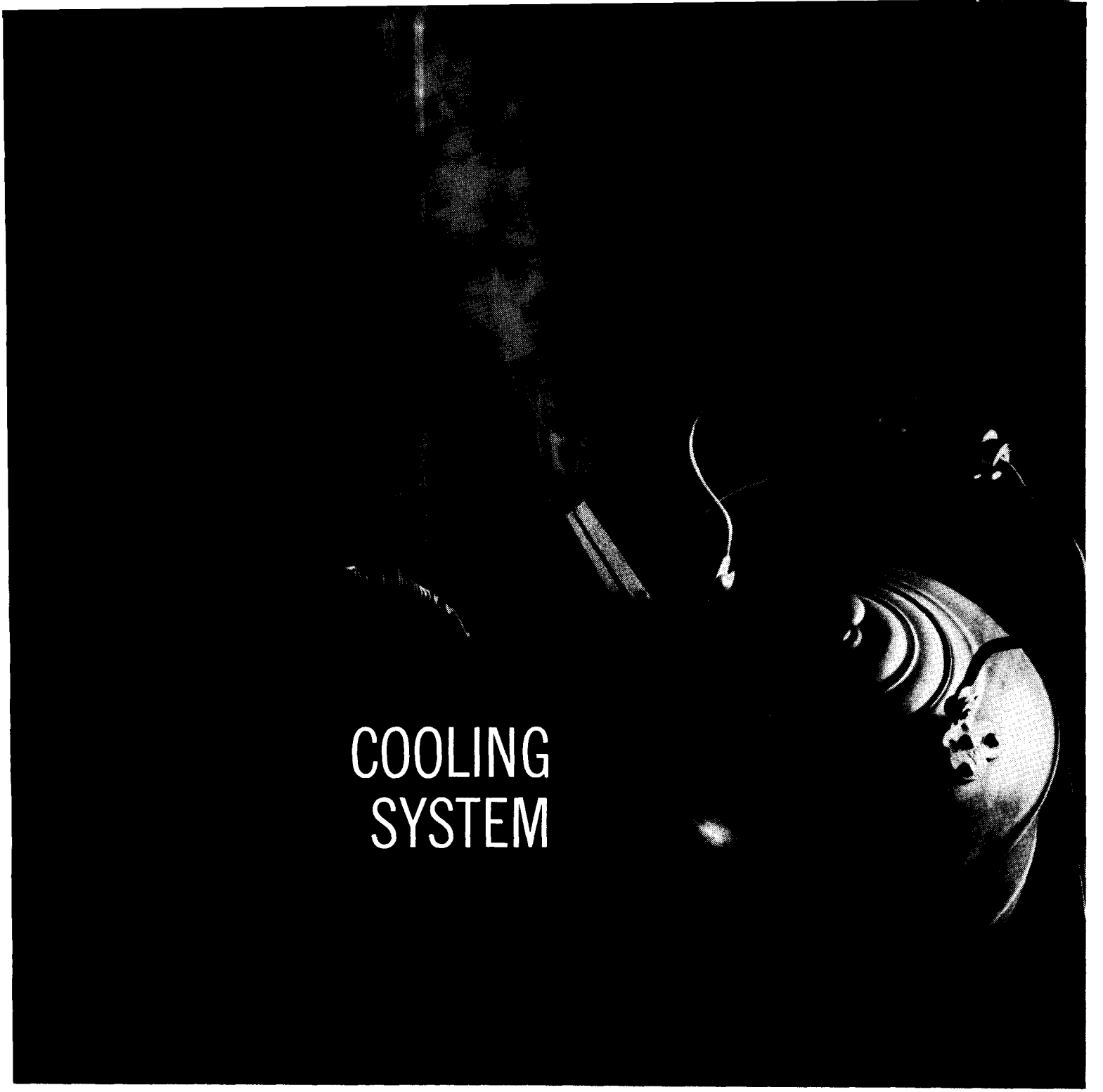


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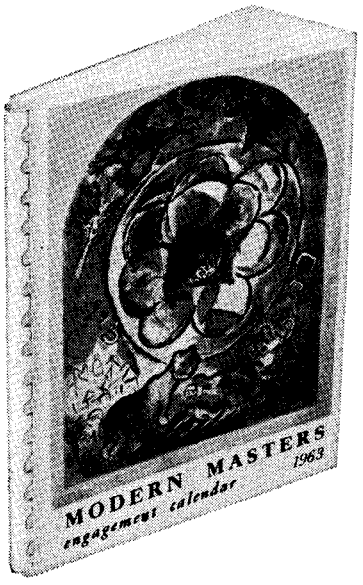


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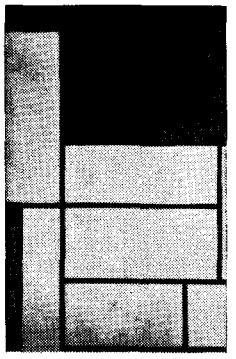

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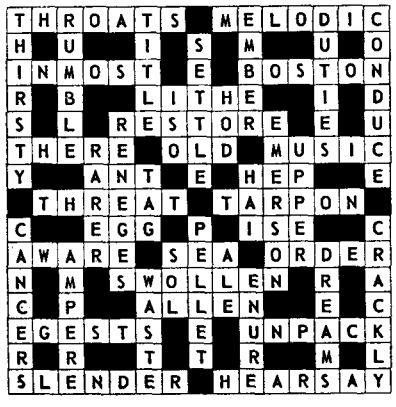


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son why the Commonwealth concept, if that is the desire of the people of Puerto Rico, should not be fully developed as a permanent institution in its association with the United States."

A massive campaign is now under way not merely to ratify the Commonwealth but to push through the U.S. Congress long-needed legislation to perfect it. For the first time, Muñoz has succeeded in getting the U.S. government committed to a course of action. Not surprisingly, the proponents of statehood and the *independentistas* are making unhappy noises and threatening to abstain from any plebiscite.

During the Commonwealth Day festivities, proconsul Powell maintained seclusion at Villa Reposo. But after he got back to the United States, he showed no signs of taking this new development lying down. At a press conference, he released a staff study of Puerto Rican education that claimed real deficiencies in instruction for American citizenship. Was he planning to campaign against Muñoz in the coming plebiscite? No, said Powell with untypical modesty; he would merely devote his time to correcting any misstatements that might be made.

## Letter Rip

"Write your congressman," the old saying used to go. "He'll send you some seeds." Nowadays, more likely he will send you a polite letter. No matter how chaotic or how reasonable your views, no matter which side of a controversy you choose to take, it is normal Congressional procedure to thank you for expressing yourself and to promise that your opinions will be kept in mind when the matter comes to a vote.

Knowing this to be true, we did not know what to make of a story we heard not long ago about a man who wrote a nasty letter to Senator Stephen M. Young (D., Ohio) protesting that Mrs. John F. Kennedy had had a horse transported free to this country from abroad. What would happen if *he* tried to do that? the man wanted to know. "Dear Sir," Senator Young replied, "Acknowledging your letter wherein you insult the wife of our President, am wondering why you need a horse when there is already one jackass at your address."

The story seemed too good to be true at the time, but now, having ourselves inspected Senator Young's correspondence files, we are prepared to believe anything. In fact, the doughty senator, who does not plan to run again, is doing nothing less than living out every public servant's dream. We can only try to imagine how astonished the regular purveyors of abuse must be—accustomed as they are to gentle tolerance—to find that when they call the senator names he calls them names right back. "You are . . . lower than a snake's tail," he told one constituent. "As one Methodist to another," he wrote an overwrought minister, "may I suggest that you concentrate on preaching the Gospel instead of insulting a public servant . . ." "Folks like you," he gaily informed one correspondent, "who claim that many Protestant ministers are Communists and who ignore altogether the serious threat against our country coming from Communist Russia and Red China, are like individuals who hoist their skirts from imaginary mice." Vilification earned by his stand on the Medicare bill provoked yet another bawling out: "I unhesitatingly assert you have not read the bill, have not read any committee hearings and reports relating to surgical and medical care for the elderly. You have probably been impressed by some pamphlet or book received from one of your insurance companies . . . I will cast my vote in accord with my study and information and my conscience."

Dramatic as some of his longer harangues may be, however, we are convinced that Senator Young's talent reaches its fullest flower in his frequent one-sentence replies. Not long ago, for example, he received a lengthy and all too familiar tirade from a constituent in Ohio. The correspondent had no end of venomous remarks to make about welfare recipients, labor unions, the minimum wage, foreign aid, Chester Bowles, Nelson Rockefeller, and Earl Warren, to name just a few of his targets. We reprint the senator's reply in full:

"Dear Sir:

What else is new?

Sincerely yours,

Stephen M. Young"



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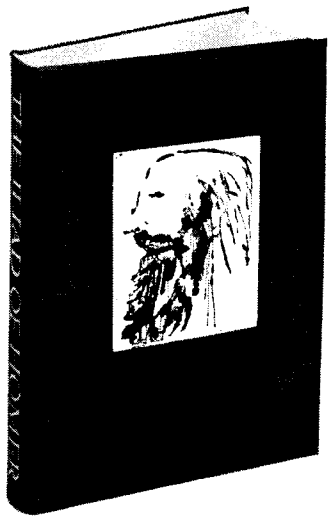

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# The Nixon Family and the Hughes Loan

JAMES R. PHELAN

Los Angeles

In his recent book, *Six Crises*, Richard M. Nixon remarks rather sadly at one point that a politician's best friends sometimes turn out to be the heaviest cross he has to bear. A contrary case could be made that politicians sometimes turn out to be pretty expensive and burdensome friends. In any event, both generalizations are vividly illustrated in the circumstances of a loan made by the Hughes Tool Company that came to light in the final weeks of the 1960 campaign, involving not merely close friends of the Vice-President but his own brother, Donald.

Nixon alludes to the episode elsewhere in his book, noting that on the morning after the election, ". . . Don said with his voice breaking: 'I hope I haven't been responsible for your losing the election.' I reassured him: 'The only place the charge meant anything was here in California, and we are going to carry California anyway.' "

To many Californians who have recently been reading *Six Crises* has come an eerie sense that history is about to repeat itself. For next November Richard Nixon is going to be trying to carry California again, this time in a hard-fought battle for the governorship. And because of recently revived interest in the Hughes loan, it seems entirely possible that the dialogue between the two brothers may be replayed before long, although it is by no means certain that the former Vice-President will be able to speak with the same assurance he felt two years ago.

When the existence of the loan first became known back in 1960 on the eve of the Presidential election, only the more free-swinging Democrats like Harry Truman discussed it openly. With rare exceptions, the press outside California, as Nixon noted, mentioned it not at all or gave it such fragmentary and inaccurate coverage that readers could make neither head nor tail of it. Since then the Hughes loan story has been leading a quiet subterranean life of its own. For some of the participants in the original drama it has represented unfinished business to be pursued doggedly in private negotiations or in the courts. It needed only Nixon's decision to enter the gubernatorial race in California to restore the story to political life and set in motion again the public unraveling of the plots and subplots that had been cut short by the Kennedy victory of 1960.

### 'A Load of Political Bricks'

Not surprisingly, some of the most assiduous students of the transaction today are a number of California's Republican leaders. Former Governor Goodwin J. Knight, who was ready to challenge Nixon for the nomination until illness forced him to withdraw, had a sizable dossier on the Nixon-Hughes loan. So had Joseph Shell, Nixon's unsuccessful rival for the Republican nomination. According to the Hearst San Francisco *Examiner*, Shell agonized over the file almost until the day of the primary, then finally decided that he was a Republican first and a crusader second.

Last spring when the California Republican Assembly, a group set up to pass on party endorsements, examined the gubernatorial candidates at Santa Maria, one bold fellow flatly asked Nixon what he planned to do if the Hughes loan were raised against him in the fall campaign. Nixon's reply, as quoted in the Los Angeles *Times*, was grim: "I'll dump a load of political bricks on anyone who tries to use it."

By contrast, his own account of the episode is remarkably bland and brief. As related in *Six Crises*, it takes just eighty-six words in the telling: "During the last days of the campaign, the opposition had resurrected the financial troubles which had forced him [Nixon's brother, Donald] into bankruptcy two years before and had tried to connect me with a loan he had received from the Hughes Tool Company during that period. They had, of course, conveniently ignored the fact that my mother had satisfied the loan by transferring to the creditor a piece of property which represented over half her life savings and which had been appraised at an amount greater than the loan."

But a number of potent Republican campaign contributors have apparently not been altogether reassured. They have quietly circulated memoranda setting forth the facts on the Nixon-Hughes loan on the hard-headed theory that it is going to blow into the open anyhow and they had better have a more detailed and objective assessment of it.

Their uneasiness has been increased by two $1-million lawsuits filed in the past year in Superior Court in Los Angeles. Both plaintiffs were key figures in the $205,000 Hughes loan to the Nixons. Both suits name Howard Hughes and the Hughes Tool Company as defendants. One action, filed by an accountant named Phillip Reiner, alleges that the loan involved "fraud and deceit" and was "in contravention of public policy." The Reiner suit lists fifty John Does—all still unnamed—as co-defendants with Hughes. The other suit was filed by Frank J. Waters, a Hughes attorney and the recorded middleman through whom the $205,000 passed from Hughes Tool to Donald Nixon's business. Waters's suit, seeking $1,098,000 for unspecified past services to Hughes, has involved some



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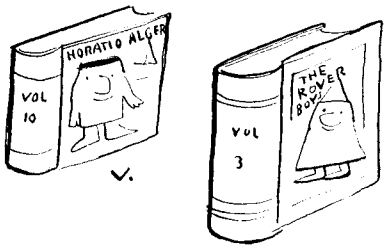
fascinating legal byplay that has gone unreported in the press outside California. Several months ago, Waters's aggressive young attorney, Arthur Crowley, moved to take the deposition of Richard Nixon under California's pre-trial "discovery of evidence" process. Since Waters was not only a leading character in the Nixon loan but also a political friend and supporter of Richard Nixon for many years, Crowley presumably had some inkling of the testimony he wanted to discover. The law firm representing Hughes rushed into court with a petition that any deposition from Nixon be taken in secret and sealed by the court. In justification, the Hughes attorneys told the court that Nixon's testimony would involve "political matters . . . that should not be made public." California's newspapers blossomed with headlines such as "HUGHES SUIT ASKS SECRET NIXON QUIZ." The former Vice-President countered with a terse statement that he was quite willing to testify in public, and a few days later the Hughes attorney withdrew the request for secrecy. Crowley then became embroiled with the court in a bitter controversy over the procedure for taking the deposition of Nixon and others. Nixon's opportunity to tell all under oath thus awaits resolution of this legal squabble, but in any event it is not expected that the moment will arrive before November 6.

Meanwhile, Nixon has had nothing to say on the subject, except for that one bland paragraph in *Six Crises*. He has held his silence in the face of some acute provocation. Nixon's self-restraint has not gone unnoticed by either his critics or his anxious friends. In politics, there comes a time when stoic forbearance becomes a virtue too costly to be indulged. The consensus here on the Coast is that in the Hughes affair Nixon will be confronted by this critical deadline well before the California voters head for the polls to choose between him and the Democratic incumbent, Governor Edmund G. "Pat" Brown.

### A Simple Business Transaction

If Richard Nixon rides unscathed through a seventh crisis, he will still have a just grievance against the coterie of his friends, supporters, political aides, and relatives who made the transaction into a cloak-and-dagger affair. From the beginning, the people involved followed a script that reads as if it had been written by an ardent Democrat with a talent for low comedy and a marked fondness for Rube Goldberg contraptions of enormous complexity and size for the performance of the simplest household chores.

The story begins on December 10, 1956, a month after the re-election of Richard Nixon as Vice-President. On that December day an agree-




ment was executed that resulted in the Hughes Tool Company of Texas turning over $205,000 to Donald Nixon's business. Hughes Tool, the parent firm of a sprawling industrial and defense complex, is wholly owned by Howard Robard Hughes, a highly individualistic industrialist, ex-moviemaker, the largest stockholder in Trans World Airlines, founder of Hughes Aircraft, a major defense contractor, and one of the wealthiest men in the United States, with a net worth estimated by *Fortune* and the *Wall Street Journal* at from $350 million to $500 million.

The reason for the loan from the viewpoint of Richard Nixon's brother, Donald, was simple: he needed the money. Donald, a portly fellow two years Richard's junior, was president of Nixon's Inc., an enterprise consisting of a drive-in restaurant that featured a sandwich called the Nixonburger, a grocery store, another restaurant, and a coffee shop at Whittier, a pleasant modest-sized town east of Los Angeles. Nixon's Inc. was not doing well and had tried unsuccessfully in 1956 to raise approximately $300,000 by public stock subscription. This effort had received wide public notice when a letter from a Los Angeles brokerage house was sent to sixty-five leaders of Young Republican clubs in the Los Angeles area. The letter called attention to the ten-dollar shares being offered in Nixon's Inc. and requested that the Young Republicans "mention the stock offering at your next meeting." When a photostatic copy of the letter reached the newspapers, Donald Nixon said that the appeal had gone out without his knowledge, that he was "very angry," and that the brokerage house was retracting this "badly advised correspondence."

Why Hughes Tool then stepped into this financial breach has never been fully explained. Howard Hughes has such a passion for privacy that many high executives of his empire go for years without seeing him. Most newsmen no longer try. A *Newsweek* representative who recently spent two weeks trying to talk to Hughes on the telephone concluded, "There is no Howard Hughes." The Hughes industrial empire, however, is real, enormous, and humming with activity. In the words of a *Fortune* article, ". . . practically everything [in it] touches the national interest."

WHATEVER the motivation may have been, the $205,000 loan to the Vice-President's brother was certainly processed in an unorthodox manner and with inordinate secrecy. The transaction was executed so that the true source of the loan was buried from view. Hughes Tool passed the $205,000 to the Nixon family through the Hughes attorney, Frank J. Waters, a tall, personable former Republican member of the California legislature and a onetime registered lobbyist for Hughes Tool. Over the years, Waters had performed many missions for Howard Hughes. In this instance, Waters handed over the $205,000 to the Vice-President's mother, Mrs. Hannah Nixon, on December 10, 1956, and took a trust deed—or mortgage—on a Whittier lot as sole security. Mrs. Nixon then loaned $165,000 to Nixon's Inc., which carried the sum on its books simply as an obligation payable to Mrs. Hannah Nixon. (The remaining $40,000, according to a statement made later



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by Donald Nixon, was used to pay off a loan he had made jointly with his mother.) Thus anyone searching the public records would find no trace of any transaction between Nixon's Inc. and Hughes Tool, but only a trust deed from Mrs. Hannah Nixon to Frank J. Waters.

At the time of the $205,000 loan, the Nixon lot that ostensibly secured it was vacant, although Donald had a fifteen-year lease with the Union Oil Company for a filling station there. Union was to pay $800 a month minimum when the filling station was operating, and $40,000 of the Hughes loan was to pay for building the station.

When the source of the $205,000 was finally identified as a Federal contractor four years later, the value of the Whittier lot became the subject of heated controversy. The Nixons stoutly maintained that it was worth more than $205,000, and Donald insisted that unidentified "competent appraisers" had fixed the value of the property without the station at $228,000. This statement raised a lot of eyebrows among owners of nearby property, which had been selling on the open, or non-Nixon, market for much smaller amounts. A larger lot adjoining on the east sold in 1955 for $49,000; a lot of approximately the same size half a block away sold a year later for $33,000. In 1956, the county's assessed value of the Nixon lot was only $13,000. Property experts generally rate the market value of land at not more than four times the assessed valuation, which would make the Nixon lot worth a maximum of $52,000. Donald Nixon himself sold a corner lot directly across Whittier Boulevard in 1946 for only $4,500.

There are two pertinent facts about this subject that Richard Nixon found no space for in *Six Crises*. One is that in 1956 his mother filed a sworn statement that the entire estate of her husband, including the value of the Whittier lot, was worth less than $100,000. The other is that Donald Nixon applied to a commercial lending institution in the fall of 1956 for a loan on the Whittier lot and the Union Oil lease. The Continental Assurance Company processed the application and offered to lend $93,000 on the whole package—or $112,000 less than Hughes Tool was willing to go.

DESPITE the transfusion of Hughes cash, Nixon's Inc. continued to wane and early in 1957 was losing more than $5,000 a week. In February, 1957, an emergency meeting was called at the Hughes headquarters at 7000 Romaine Street in Los Angeles in an effort to stem the flow of red ink. The meeting was attended by Noah Dietrich, the $500,000-a-year executive vice-president of the Hughes empire; Donald Nixon; Waters; James Arditto, a law partner of Waters; and four others. The conclave took stern measures and set up a management committee to try to stave off disaster. After this discussion, according to one of the participants, "Dietrich asked Frank Waters to 'call Dick' and inform him of this decision." Waters returned and reported that "he had spoken with Vic Johnston, an aide to Vice-President Richard Nixon." In several letters between members of this little steering committee during this period there are odd references to "the East." One of the group, reporting the demise of the short-lived committee to an accountant of Hughes Tool, wrote that ". . . Jim [Arditto] . . . asked me to notify you that the termination of the Committee had been cleared with the Eastern division." A letter written by Arditto to Thomas W. Bewley, the Nixon family lawyer and a former legal associate of the Vice-President, enclosed an adverse report on Nixon's Inc. and noted: "I am enclosing an extra copy with the thought in mind that you might decide to send one on to the East. For obvious reasons, I would appreciate your treating this matter with complete and full confidence." One of those involved in these proceedings has declared that these were cryptic references to Richard Nixon; if they were, this is perhaps the only instance in history when a secret code has been invoked in communications devoted to the affairs of a drive-in restaurant.

In December, 1957, soon after the management committee disbanded, Nixon's Inc. went under. The firm was liquidated without court action, and neither Hughes Tool nor Frank J. Waters presented any claims. There was a reason. The Nixons had an understanding that the entire $205,000 loan could be satisfied by surrendering the corner lot in Whittier and that there was to be no personal liability for anyone. This understanding, like many of the documents in the Nixon-Hughes transaction, was never recorded but was spelled out in another letter from Arditto to Bewley.

### A Stand-in for a Stand-in

About five months after Nixon's Inc. failed, the filling station was finally constructed, and in July, 1958, it began yielding $800 a month under the Union Oil lease. By now, the $205,000 Hughes loan to the Nixons was in default, and under the terms of the Nixon trust deed, the lender was entitled to collect the rent from the filling station and apply it against his $205,000 debt. But this posed a new set of complications. On the Nixon side, Donald had surrendered the Union Oil lease to his mother, Mrs. Hannah Nixon. On the other side, the actual lender of the $205,000, Hughes Tool, had been using Frank J. Waters as a stand-in or dummy. But by now, Waters had gotten rid of the Nixon trust deed and had a stand-in of his own. The man holding the $205,000 Nixon trust deed was an accountant of modest means named Phillip Reiner. By his own statement, Reiner never paid a cent for the $205,000 Nixon trust deed. But it was properly recorded in his name, and in July, 1958, he began to get a string of monthly $800 checks for the Union Oil station rent.

To understand how Phillip Reiner became a key figure in the affairs of a great industrialist and of the Vice-President's family, it is necessary to know a bit more about the corps of functionaries who handled the Nixon loan. Organized much like a Latin-American army, it had a surplus of generals and a dearth of noncoms. Reiner at best was only a private, and a drafted one at that.

High among the generals was Frank Waters's law partner, James J. Arditto, a busy, stocky little attorney who, like Waters, had been on a Hughes retainer for about a decade. He belonged to an elite group



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of people who had not only seen Howard Hughes but had often talked to him face to face. Reiner, however, wasn't even on the Hughes payroll. A thin, dark-haired man who hailed originally from Brooklyn, Reiner simply shared office space with the Hughes law firm of Arditto and Waters and sometimes worked on tax matters for their clients on a free-lance basis.

Arditto has been explicit in defining Reiner's relative rank. "Phil was just a Little Leaguer in this thing," Arditto once said. "Get that clear—nothing but a Little Leaguer." As for himself, Arditto declares that, while he was not in on the origin of the Nixon loan, he "handled things after it was put together."

ALTHOUGH they had been close friends in the days before the Nixon loan, Arditto and Reiner are now bitterly at odds and do not speak to each other. But they agree on one thing—that one day in 1957 Arditto summoned Reiner and told him that he wanted the $205,000 Nixon trust deed transferred out of Waters's name and put in Reiner's name. They also agree that this was done. On almost everything else, their accounts differ widely. They are even eight months apart on the date the Nixon mortgage was transferred.

Arditto has declined to explain why the Nixon mortgage was put in Reiner's name. He will say only, "I did it for internal office reasons." Arditto insists that the transfer took place on January 21, 1957, which was only three days after the Nixon trust deed, as collateral for the $205,000, was recorded in Waters's name. Reiner says the transfer actually took place on September 13, 1957, and that it was back-dated to January 21. He declares that the transfer was made because of some trouble over a Los Angeles harbor oil lease acquired by a corporation organized by Waters, Arditto, and Noah Dietrich. The oil lease, acquired at about the same time the Nixon loan was executed, came under fire from the Los Angeles *Examiner* and was soon the subject of both a taxpayer's suit and an investigation by the California Assembly. Though Howard Hughes's name was promptly brought into play by the press, Hughes spokesmen say the industrialist had nothing whatever to do with the harbor oil deal and that he was greatly miffed at his three aides over the newspaper publicity. With their boss sore at them, their oil lease under fire, and investigators poking about, Reiner claims that the Arditto-Waters firm got nervous about Waters holding the $205,000 Nixon trust deed. "So Arditto put it over on me," Reiner has said.

The document that transferred the $205,000 Nixon mortgage to Reiner's name contains some interesting details. While it bears a typed-in date of January 21, 1957, which supports Arditto's story, it also shows September 13 notarization and a September 13 recorder's stamp, which support Reiner's story. The original Nixon-to-Waters trust deed was made out to "Frank J. Waters,

Trustee," though it did not make clear for whom Waters was acting as trustee. The transfer to Reiner, however, was made out simply to "Phillip Reiner." Anyone studying the Los Angeles County records on the Nixon loan might well conclude that Waters had handled the $205,000 mortgage only briefly as an attorney, and that the principal—indeed, the source of the $205,000—was actually Reiner. Waters, the stand-in for Hughes Tool, now had a stand-in for himself, and anyone trying to trace the $205,000 back from the Nixons to its source would hit a dead end with Phillip Reiner.

There was one thing wrong with this arrangement. It made Reiner the legal recorded owner of a $205,000 lien against the Nixon property. Arditto swiftly remedied this. He had Reiner execute two documents. One stated that Reiner was holding the $205,000 Nixon trust deed "as the nominee of Hughes Tool Company" and that he would assign it to Hughes Tool or anyone designated by the company at the company's demand. The second document, dated September 16, 1957, was an actual assignment to Hughes Tool.

Reiner signed the two documents and turned them over to Arditto. With the first of the two documents, Hughes Tool could compel Reiner to shift the Nixon trust deed to a third dummy of its choice. With the second document, the assignment back to Hughes Tool, the company could retrieve the $205,000 Nixon trust deed at any time, simply by recording the assignment. Finally, if anything went awry and Reiner defected, he had nothing to prove that the money for the Nixons actually had come from Hughes. The only document that could establish this fact was the secret statement that Reiner was serving as the "nominee" of Hughes Tool—and James Arditto held that.

THUS it came about that in July, 1958, when the new filling station on the Nixon lot in Whittier began yielding $800 a month, the checks wound up not with Donald Nixon, who had made the Union Oil lease, nor with Hannah Nixon, who on record still actually owned the property, nor with Frank J. Waters, who had taken a $205,000 mortgage on it, nor with Hughes Tool Company, which had provided the $205,000. The checks came fluttering in on Phillip Reiner, the "Little Leaguer" who had been sent into the game by James J. Arditto.

Reiner dutifully fetched the first check to his friend and mentor Arditto. Arditto sat down and mailed it to Howard Hughes's secretary, out at 7000 Romaine Street in Los Angeles, and suggested that "a conference should be held in regard thereto before any further steps are taken in the premises."

The check incubated a while at 7000 Romaine and then came winging back to Reiner without comment. For twenty-one months, until March, 1960, Reiner received a monthly check, which he cashed and put in his checking account. "I understood that it was my pay for doing a variety of jobs for the Hughes attorneys, including holding



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that trust deed," Reiner has explained. "It got to be a joke among the little group that knew about this thing. They used to say, 'Phil's the only one getting paid.' "

Income-tax time in 1959 posed a new problem. Reiner got notices from the oil company that it had reported the rental payments to the Internal Revenue Service. Reiner says that he discussed this problem with Arditto and then reported the rent as his own income. He has produced a copy of his return to support this.

Back in December, 1958, he had gotten another surprise in the mail. He came home one day and found a fat envelope containing the deed to the Whittier lot. More than a year after the failure of Nixon's Inc., the Nixons had decided to wipe out the unpaid $205,000 loan by surrendering the Whittier lot. Reiner says he gave the envelope to Arditto, and "That was the last I ever saw of it." As of now, almost four years later, this deed has never been recorded. The Nixon lot in Whittier accordingly floats in a kind of limbo: the Los Angeles County tax records still show Mrs. Hannah Nixon as the legal owner; the recorder's office lists Reiner as holding a $205,000 mortgage on it; Hughes Tool, of course, can secure actual ownership if it ever decides to record its documents.

For a long time, it seemed as if no one was much worried about the episode. Donald Nixon got a job with a large milk concern and was presently noted driving to work in a Lincoln Continental. (The head of the milk company, it was also noted, had been a contributor to the original Nixon fund.) Since neither Hughes nor his attorneys evidenced any interest in the property, Phillip Reiner, the accountant, was growing comfortably accustomed to its monthly income. He was not even greatly perturbed, he says, when at a luncheon at the Jonathan Club in Los Angeles the question of Richard Nixon's candidacy in 1960 was broached. Arditto, according to Reiner, had pointed at him and declared that if Nixon ran, "This man's name will become a household word all over the United States."

But the happy times came to an end. In March, 1960, Arditto and Waters dissolved their long and profitable partnership and went their separate ways. The same month, Arditto and Reiner had a bitter quarrel when Arditto suddenly called in Reiner and demanded an accounting of the Whittier rent money, which by then amounted to $16,791. Reiner said that he regarded the money as payment for his services and had already spent it. Arditto claimed that the money was "misappropriated." "To protect the principal," he testified much later in the course of a lawsuit, "I insisted that Mr. Reiner remove himself and that I collect the moneys for the benefit of the principal."

Reiner removed himself, in a state of agitation, by jet plane to New York to consult a lawyer. He flew back to Los Angeles and consulted another one. Then he went back to Arditto and, while admitting no liability, asked the lawyer to arrange a meeting with Hughes Tool representatives where the matter could be threshed out. "To show good faith," Reiner has asserted, "I decided to give him a note for the money, secured by some stock." But nothing happened. "No one from Hughes Tool showed up," according to Reiner. "I began to wonder whether Arditto had got in touch with them." Arditto puts the blame on Hughes Tool: "I made a phone call to Texas and asked for someone to come and talk to me. I wouldn't discuss it on the telephone. It was too important. No one came to see me." And a Hughes spokesman has said, "We didn't know about the Reiner trouble until just before the story broke in the papers. We found out when we went and asked Arditto."

This breakdown in communication could not have taken place at a more inopportune moment. The two national parties were already nominating their candidates for President, and in keeping with a venerable American tradition each party had begun to build up reserve ammunition in the form of dossiers on the opposition's man. This effort began in earnest here in California just when the elaborate façade of the Nixon loan had lost its keystone, Reiner. While it was true that Reiner had no documentation to support the tale he might choose to tell, nobody but Arditto even knew he was no longer playing his assigned role in the elaborately contrived drama.

Reiner, meanwhile, cut off from the flow of $800 monthly checks, his accountancy practice with Arditto and Waters now finished, paced his apartment and pondered his troubles. In June, he acquired a Washington lawyer. This was James McInerney, a former FBI agent and during the Truman administration head of the Justice Department's criminal division. McInerney was known to be a quiet but effective and very knowledgeable operator in the nation's capital. He was also known to be a good friend of Robert Kennedy's.

### Out of the Blue

Despite this development, the story of the loan almost remained untold during that election year. Reiner had nothing to supply in the way of documentation. "There were a number of letters, reports, and copies of documents about the loan in my files down at Arditto's office," he has recalled. "But we were at swords' points. I wouldn't go near the place." His attorney, McInerney, was intensely interested, but there was no direct evidence to support Reiner's account. The only facts on the record were the $205,000 lien held by Frank Waters, trustee, on the property of Mrs. Hannah Nixon, and the subsequent transfer of title to Reiner.

Two events served to move the story forward precipitately. On August 18, 1960, Reiner says, he came home and found that the Charles Van and Storage Company had a shipment for him from Arditto's office. Opening it, he found with a sense of wonder that someone had shipped his files to him, including the whole bulky folder on the Hughes loan. There was even the carbon copy of the unrecorded letter identifying Reiner as the "nominee" of Hughes Tool. Some weeks later Arditto, still unaware of the slip-up in his office, lodged a burglary report with the police when he learned that some of the precious documents were in circulation.

Armed with these papers, McInerney began to study the matter with



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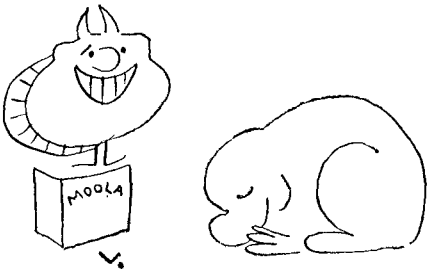
all the skill and persistence of a former FBI agent. Signatures had to be checked and documents verified. It was also necessary to obtain an affidavit from Reiner. But Reiner was reluctant to detail his own participation in the affair. Weeks passed, and all efforts to bring the whole story out into the open seemed to have stalled.

THEN, approximately six weeks before election, a second unexpected development took place. Ted Kennedy, the youngest brother of the Democratic Presidential candidate, got a telephone call in San Francisco where he was campaigning. The caller identified himself as a Los Angeles attorney and said he had something "hot" that might affect the election. He refused to give any details over the telephone but arranged to meet young Kennedy when he came to Los Angeles a few days later.

When Kennedy arrived at the International Airport in Los Angeles, the attorney was waiting for him. A lean, dapper Hollywood type, he walked up, identified himself, and handed over a single sheet of typed paper headed "Agreement." The paper contained certain statements concerning the borrowing of $205,000 from "someone engaged in multimillion-dollar contracts with the United States Government" and asserted that "The transaction was feebly disguised as a 'loan.'" The agreement specified that this information was contained in a "document" which had been "researched and verified." It was to be made available to young Kennedy on the condition that he and his father, Joseph P. Kennedy, would agree to pay over $500,000 in five annual payments if the contents of the research should be divulged to the public either by them "or by any news media." It was a peculiar proposition at best. Young Kennedy could not see the research until he signed the agreement; he would not be obliged to pay for it unless it was subsequently divulged to the public.

The Los Angeles attorney, who has been willing to discuss the affair only on condition that his name be withheld, has reported that Ted Kennedy looked over the "agreement" and remarked, "I don't know whether we would use this or not," pocketed it, and departed. "I never heard another word from him or anybody else," the attorney has said. "No one signed the agreement so of course no one paid me anything." Questioned at length about the "document" he had tried to sell for half a million dollars, he insisted that it was only the recorded trust deed from Mrs. Nixon to Frank Waters—a paper obtainable for seventy-five cents from the Los Angeles County recorder. "I guess I was just greedy," he said.

Leaving greed aside, the proposal created quite a stir in the Kennedy camp, and the news quickly reached Reiner through his new lawyer, McInerney. "It bowled me over," Reiner recalled. "There I was in the middle of this loan and suddenly a guy is trying to peddle




something about it for $500,000. I decided that if this story was going to blow, I wanted the whole thing told." He forthwith prepared an affidavit setting forth everything he knew about the Hughes loan and turned it over to McInerney.

At this point McInerney loaned $15,000 to Reiner in order to pay Arditto for the Nixon rent money. An emissary went to Arditto and for $14,290 obtained a receipt "in full settlement of any and all claims of Hughes Tool Company against Phillip Reiner."

By early October, with the election only a month away, McInerney had put together a detailed résumé of all the facts he had gathered about the Hughes loan and, together with photostats of the available documents, turned it over to the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, a pro-Democratic newspaper with a respected reputation for investigative reporting. The *Post-Dispatch* sent two reporters to the West Coast, and they spent another week double-checking the story. Except for the Nixons, whom they did not even approach, all the key figures refused to talk. Mindful of the risks of raising a loaded issue so late in the campaign, the *Post-Dispatch* decided not to proceed further.

Quite inadvertently, a *Post-Dispatch* reporter did help in circulating the story on a small scale. One frantic afternoon in Los Angeles, he went off and left his briefcase containing all the research material in a photographer's studio. He reclaimed it promptly, but within forty-eight hours photocopies were being peddled all over Los Angeles by a bewildering assortment of people. One private detective hopefully offered them to the Los Angeles bureau of *Time* for a large sum. *Time* turned him down, then promptly jumped on the story. Five *Time* men were assigned to it and worked for ten days, but the story never ran.

An attractive woman approached a staff man for George Putnam, a popular television newscaster here in Los Angeles. She too had photocopies of the same material, which she claimed had been left in her apartment by a "rather elderly gentleman visitor" who had been "slightly swacked." She said she had rushed out, borrowed a Leica camera, and made her own set of prints before her caller came hurrying back. Unlike the private detective, she asked no payment for what she had to offer.

In Washington, the story was offered to other publications after the *Post-Dispatch's* decision not to publish it. But with only three weeks remaining before the election, there were no takers. After all, the loan had been made back in 1956, and publication at the eleventh hour in 1960 would look like a last-minute attack calculated to give Nixon no time to reply. Drew Pearson, who had been given access to the material, has since remarked, "Three weeks before the election I had everything I subsequently printed. I already had decided I would hold it up until after the vote was cast."

### Who Let the Cat out of the Bag?

At this point the narrative takes another unpredictable and well-nigh unbelievable turn. Unaware that



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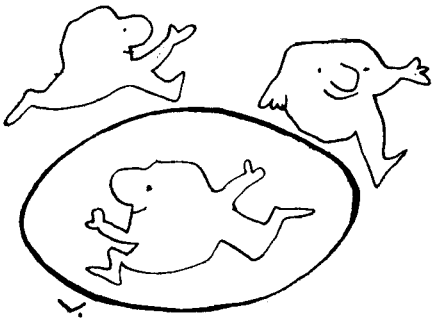
the story was safely buttoned up until after the election, the Nixon campaign headquarters now decided to move. As Arditto has put it, "They panicked and put out a cock-and-bull story."

Learning that the story of the loan was circulating among newsmen, Nixon's associates decided to give an "exclusive" to Peter Edson, a Scripps-Howard columnist. Edson's story, published two weeks before the election, was based on information supplied to him by Nixon's campaign manager, Robert Finch, and by the Nixon family lawyer, Thomas Bewley. Under the headline "VP BARES STORY OF KIN'S 'DEALS,'" Edson wrote that the Vice-President had learned that his Democratic opponents were investigating his brother's business deals with the reported intent of publicizing them just before the election. "In an attempt to offset any such move," Edson wrote, "the Nixon headquarters here in Washington has made available to this reporter a full explanation of all relevant facts in the record, to get the story out in the open and end the gossip." Despite the reference to "all relevant facts," Edson's story contained no mention whatever of the Hughes Tool Company. The $205,000 loan to Donald Nixon was credited solely to "Attorney Frank Waters of Whittier." "Mrs. Waters and Donald Nixon's wife had been in high school together and the two families were and still are good friends," Edson wrote. "So it was natural that Mr. Waters should have assisted in financing Don's business ventures." When Donald failed, Mrs. Hannah Nixon, in lieu of foreclosure, had deeded over her property to Waters, who "then deeded the property back to Frank [*sic*] Reiner, one of the creditors who had threatened foreclosure." According to the Edson version, not only had Waters helped his old friend with a loan but, in an unusual gesture of benevolence, had used the property put up as collateral to pay off one of Donald Nixon's creditors. "All this is a matter of court record in Whittier," Edson wrote.

The story, appearing on October 24, provoked a swift reaction from Drew Pearson. The next day, reversing his decision to wait till after the election, he gave his readers an account in which he described how he and other newsmen had been digging into the story but hesitated to write it because the campaign was in its last stages. But he felt that the distorted version put out by Nixon's campaign manager entitled the public to know all the facts. "They boil down to this," Pearson wrote. "Four years after Nixon had given his famous TV explanation of the $18,000 expense fund to American voters and flown across the continent to receive his 'clean as a hound's tooth' blessing from General Eisenhower, his family received a much bigger financial benefit from the Hughes Tool Co., wholly owned by Howard Hughes . . ."

At Nixon headquarters, Robert Finch promptly told the Associated



Press that Pearson's story was "an obvious political smear in the last two weeks of the campaign." The money had come from Frank Waters, he repeated, not from Hughes or his company. Reporters besieged Nixon's press secretary for a statement from the candidate or a chance to question him, but got neither. Nor could Hughes or Waters be located.

Finally, on October 31, only eight days before the election, Donald Nixon spoke out. In a long written statement to the press, he reported that he was "deeply grieved and concerned to think that any individual would use my business misfortune to influence the outcome of the Presidential election." He then went on to show that his brother's campaign headquarters had misinformed the public about the source of the $205,000. The loan, he stated, had been made by a "client" of Frank Waters, "the Hughes Tool Company." The following day Finch told the wire services that he had been "misled" about the loan, his information having come from the Nixon family lawyer, Thomas Bewley. Edson himself asserts that he asked both Finch and Bewley about the rumor that the loan came from Hughes Tool. "They said they didn't know anything about it," he has said. "I guess they made a sucker out of me."

### 'You Already Know the Answer'

For a reporter, attempting to backtrack on the tortuous trail in recent months has been a frustrating business. Neither Richard nor Donald Nixon has been willing to discuss the subject. In his *Six Crises*, the former Vice-President writes that ". . . the opposition . . . tried to connect me" with the loan. But he has never bothered to deny such a connection, and has left unanswered a written request for an interview.

Others have been accessible but scarcely less circumspect. Bewley, who handled the surrender of the property to Reiner, has said, "I would like to know what Reiner's role was, myself." Robert Finch, the 1960 campaign manager, remarked, "All I heard was that Reiner was a kind of bookkeeper for Waters." Arditto, who transferred the deed of trust to Reiner, will only comment, "I did it for internal office reasons." A spokesman for Hughes Tool gave perhaps the frankest answer. "I think," he said wryly, "that you're asking a question to which you already know the answer."

Since the Nixon camp had the first say about the affair, it seems only fair that the Hughes camp should have the last. More than a year after the election, a Hughes spokesman was still bitter over the way the Hughes office had been ignored by the Nixon headquarters in the final days of the campaign. "They didn't even give us the courtesy of keeping us informed." A few days before publication of the Edson story, he went on, he had learned that the Nixon forces were going to give Edson their account of the loan. "We sent them a hot memorandum," the Hughes man said. "It urged them not to break the story. But if they did, we asked them to say the loan had come from Hughes Tool—to tell the truth."

To this appeal for simple candor he got no reply.



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# The Contentious Lords Of the Senate

DOUGLASS CATER

THE LATTER DAYS of July were of a sort to drive Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield (D., Montana) to a mood of mayhem. On the 26th, having listened to a full reading of the previous day's journal, the Senate promptly lunged into two days of procedural dispute over the attempt by Senator Wayne Morse (D., Oregon) to offer amendments to it. On the 28th, a Saturday, the entire day was spent in rounding up a "live" quorum, with thought being given to employing the long-neglected power of the sergeant at arms to "arrest" and bring in the truants. In succeeding days, the civility of the Senate reached a total breakdown.

All this was by way of getting warmed up for a fight over the communications satellite bill, which had passed the House of Representatives by 354-9, been favorably reported by three Senate committees, and was presumed to have overwhelming support among the senators. The opposition counted eighteen to twenty, and even among that number only a handful—Morse, Estes Kefauver, Albert Gore, Russell Long—were believed to be bitter-enders. Unlike the traditional artists of the filibuster from the South, several were on record as opposed to this technique for preventing the Senate from carrying out its business. Moreover, waiting urgently in line were a number of measures, including the money bills, which had at last come unstuck after the three-month prestige feud between House and Senate Appropriations Committees. Finally, the issue in dispute, despite Telstar's recent success, seemed hardly likely to rouse massive public sentiment. As far as press coverage went, there was little effort to distinguish between the administration's proposal and either total private or public ownership of the satellite system of communication.

What came through the press accounts sharp and clear was Democrat pitted against Democrat—not Northern versus Southern, but an internecine quarrel among some of the administration's most loyal supporters. In a desperate effort to cool tempers more than anything else, the whole matter was sidetracked temporarily on August 1 to the Foreign Relations Committee.

WHATEVER the outcome of this particular fracas, it was symptomatic of a deepening malaise in the Senate that is troubling to many. During the latter Eisenhower years, that once intractable body acquired a considerable reputation for getting its work done. Led by Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, it gave evidence of operating with order and effectiveness, especially when compared to the stultifying habits of the House.

Now that the Democrats have captured the White House as well as Congress, the Senate shows distinct signs of reverting to its old disorder. Mansfield alluded to this in a despairing appeal on July 27, declaring that it "would not be impossible to foresee a day when anarchy would rule in this body." And Majority Whip Hubert Humphrey (D., Minnesota) called on the senators to "legislate or become the laughingstock of the nation." "We are already in trouble," Humphrey pleaded with them. "I say to my colleagues in the Senate that if we keep it up, I do not know how many senators will be back here next year except to line up in the rear of the chamber to parade across to the House of Representatives as ex-senators."

During the session, the Senate delivered the death blow to two of President Kennedy's major proposals, the plan for a Department of Urban Affairs and the Medicare bill. The first installment of tax reform, which passed the House in good condition, has been riddled with amendments in the Senate Finance Committee, and a fight is in prospect over parts of the trade bill. During the satellite filibuster, all committee work except, by special permission, the Finance Committee's ground to a halt. All signs in the Senate point to a windup of the session in which many important matters will be left unresolved and something like anarchy may indeed rule.

### Big Daddy Fades Away

What has happend to the Senate since Lyndon Johnson's time? Perhaps the most startling lesson to those who watch how power is allocated and misallocated in Washington was what happened to Johnson himself. Directly upon his ascension to the Vice-Presidency, the unique authority he had accumulated as Majority Leader simply vanished. His former colleagues, as several made quite explicit, were not happy to allow him even the nominal privilege of presiding over the Democratic Conference. After this initial rebuff, Johnson has noticeably withdrawn from active involvement. He still offers shrewd advice and occasional aid and comfort in the planning for legislative battles. But he is living proof that the Constitutional separation of powers in Washington has not been bridged.

Johnson's leadership had been nine-tenths psychological. He played a continual game of one-upmanship on the Senate, and much of the time he got away with it. A consummate public-relations man, he used to disappear from press view for weeks on end while working on a gambit; then he would reappear to carry it out triumphantly, all the time offering a running narration for the benefit of reporters about how he was doing it. Toward his colleagues, he maintained the posture of Big Daddy, all-knowing, stern, ever ready to wipe away a tear or box an ear. In the psychological warfare he waged, his greatest weapon was a communication system that bordered on the psychic. If Johnson was ever



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caught off guard, no one has ever survived to tell about it.

MANSFIELD, a gaunt man whose face bears the telltale signs of suffering, does not pretend to have Johnson's talents or his antennae. A self-made intellectual and politician who worked his way up from a laborer in Montana's copper mines, he is far more familiar with the substance of most issues than Johnson ever was. But he is the first to admit that Johnson was, in his words, "the best Majority Leader the Senate ever had" and that he is not.

Last year, Mansfield made no bones about not wanting to move up from his former job as whip, but he accepted the leadership because he was the logical successor and no one offered him competition. Unlike Johnson, who loved the frenzy even though it led to a heart attack, Mansfield clearly does not like it. He was far happier as simply a senator, studious and with a penchant for delivering lengthy policy pronouncements about far-off trouble spots.

As he demonstrated at the outset of the satellite filibuster, Mansfield can get mad, but he lacks Johnson's capacity for getting mean. He has tried to lead the Senate through kindness and painstaking attention to each member's needs. During last spring's filibuster over revoking the literacy test for voting in the South, he never laid down the discipline of all-night sessions, a consideration to the Southerners of which the satellite bill's opponents pointedly reminded him.

### 'Using' the Senate

Too much can be made of the man who is supposed to lead the Senate. Some observers doubt that even Johnson could have worked his wonders in the changed circumstances of today. He was leading an opposition majority that maintained a negotiated entente with a fairly quiescent President. The agenda was comparatively uncrowded. With the help of Speaker Sam Rayburn, Johnson could pick his priorities, then commence the tedious bargaining that led to such legislative triumphs as the Civil Rights Act of 1957.

If the Kennedy planners have a strategy that goes beyond their frantic day-to-day tactical maneuvers, it has been hard to discern. The President has overloaded the agenda with every conceivable demand, making it difficult to sort out what is non-urgent or non-passable. Some supporters of the President's satellite bill are convinced that it could have waited till next year without impairing progress in space.

The urge to get a vote or get a campaign issue has led, the critics claim, to haphazard parliamentary procedures. Resistance in the House of Representatives has prompted administration leaders to step up their demands on the Senate. They provoked a humiliating rebuff to

Mansfield last February in their handling of the President's reorganization plan to create an Urban Affairs Department. One day, Mansfield assured his colleagues he would wait till the plan was reported out of the Government Operations Committee. Next day, with the White House needling him to get a Senate vote before the House acted, he reversed himself and moved to discharge the committee. The result was to kill approval for a new department, even though it undoubtedly commanded majority support in the Senate.

The vote on Medicare was also a race to put the Senate on record rather than a serious effort to obtain legislative results. This major new piece of legislation was tacked onto the welfare bill as an amendment without benefit of committee review. It was killed by two votes. Much of the criticism for the bill's failure focused on Senator Jennings Randolph (D., West Virginia), who favored Medicare but felt a more urgent need to get welfare for his state without raising this extra legislative obstacle. Several Southern senators, however, cast their votes in opposition simply as a protest against bypassing the committee system.

IT IS POSSIBLE to deplore these strategies and yet feel compassion for the strategists. Trying to get Congress to act doesn't lend itself to precise strategies. What works one time never seems to work the next.

The Finance Committee, which has a crucial hold over the administration's program this year, provides a vivid case study of the frustrations faced by the administration leaders. Though including such able majority members as Robert Kerr, Clinton Anderson, Paul Douglas, Albert Gore, and Eugene McCarthy, the committee shows pronounced tendencies toward the anarchy of which Mansfield warned. The members are at odds not only with the administration but with each other. Tensions have mounted markedly under the extra heavy load of a session where the three major requests—tax reform, trade, and medical aid—have come under its purview. During a recent closed-door dispute over the tax-reform bill, Kerr was heard to say mockingly to Douglas, "I'm willing to take you on any time, physically or any other way." After one hard-fought vote, a Democratic member turned to one next to him and snarled, "Sometimes I think I'll become a prostitute, too." Senator Gore professes to be so incensed about committee doings that he won't even talk on the subject to reporters.

Chairman Harry Byrd (D., Virginia) presides over the group with a power that is largely based on not wanting to get anything done. Unlike Chairman Wilbur Mills of the House Ways and Means Committee, who managed to get a favorable consensus for the trade and tax-reform bills, Byrd seeks no consensus. While Mills rules by a real mastery of the complex technical details of the legislation, Byrd, a man of quite ordinary ability, has never bothered to master the technical details. Other committees have built up highly skilled staffs of professional assistants to guide their members; Byrd employs only one professional staff member. An adviser on trade matters, this man is suspected by some committee members of working for the protectionist position.

On taxation—the regular grist of the committee—arrangements are even more bizarre. Byrd takes his advice from Colin Stam, the veteran staff chief for the Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation. Serving as a sort of holding company for



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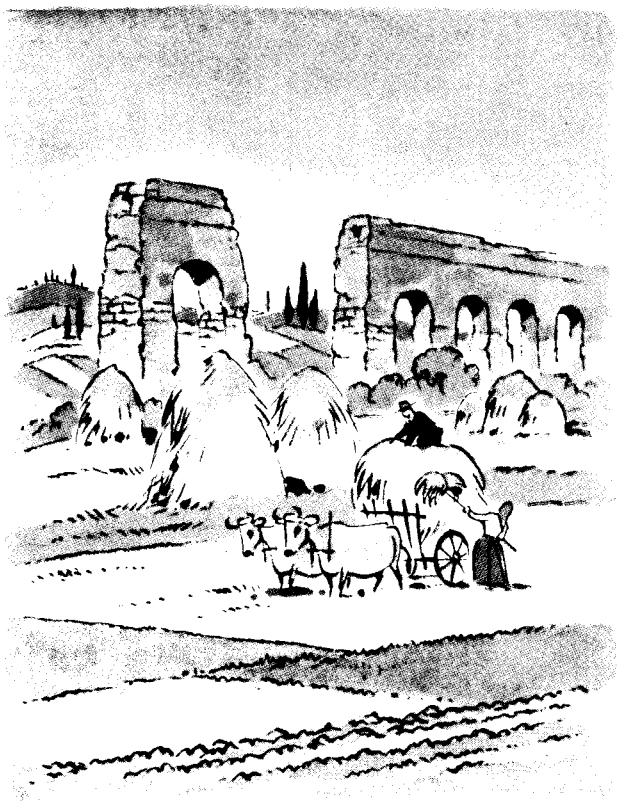

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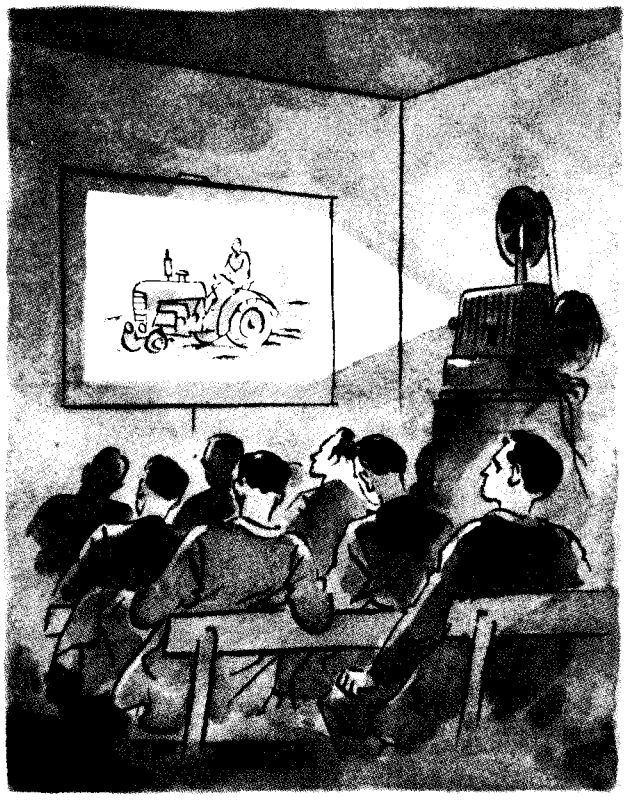

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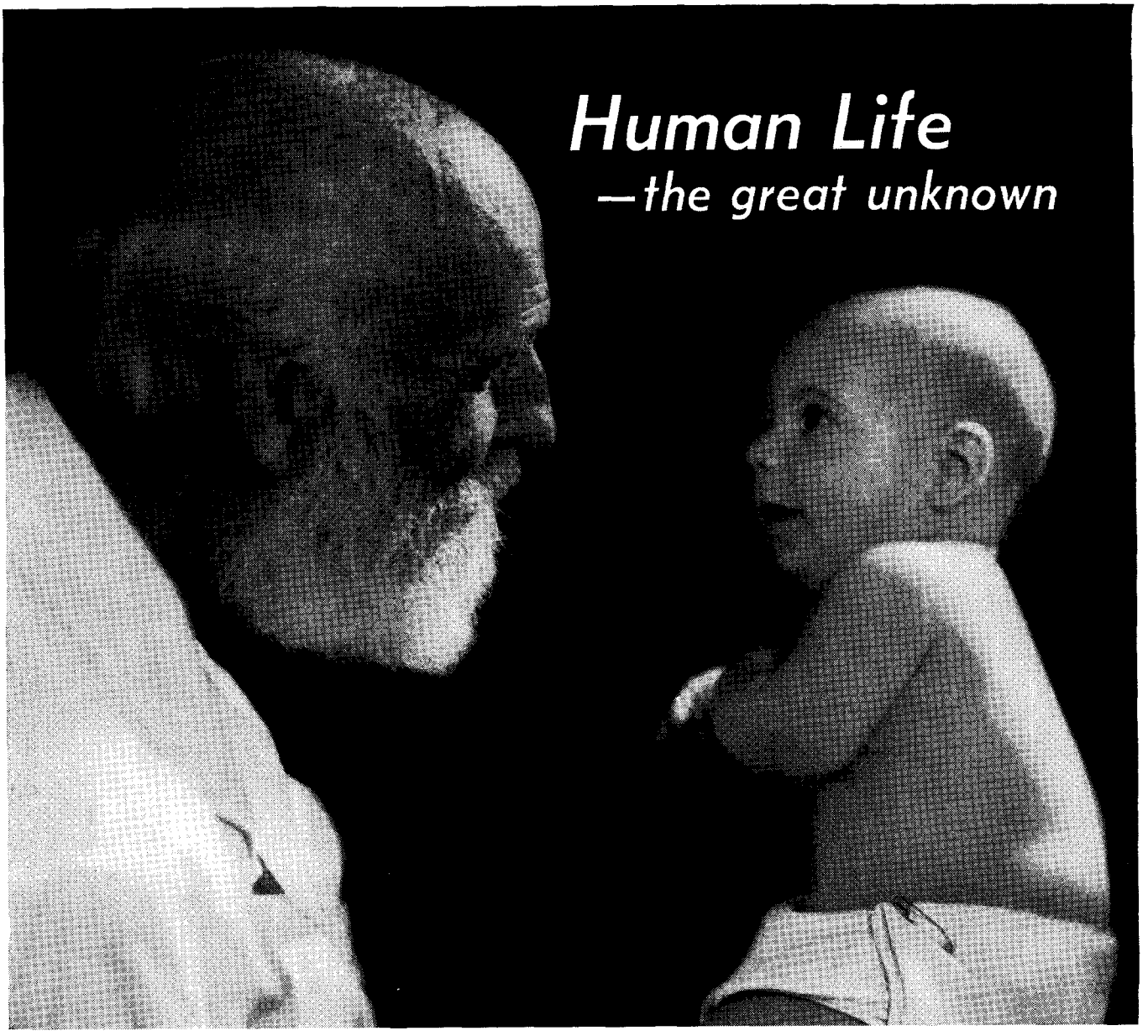


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senior members of the House and Senate Revenue Committees, the joint committee permits Stam, a man of rather fixed ideas, to get a crack at Treasury proposals on both sides of the Capitol. After the tax-reform bill had survived Ways and Means review, Stam was ready with a series of amendments published under his own name for Finance Committee consideration. ("What state do you represent?" he was asked by Senator Douglas. "The United States," Stam modestly replied.)

Lesser members of Senate Finance are provided no such professional assistance. Unlike Mills, Byrd rigidly excludes Treasury experts from his committee's drafting sessions, thus causing confused battles. During the tax-reform sessions, there were frequently shifting alliances among the Democrats, buttressed by Republican members, to add amendments over the administration's protests. Nobody liked the end results. By the reinsertion of loopholes, a reform measure estimated to produce a revenue gain was changed to one with an estimated loss. This consequence brought pain even to Chairman Byrd.

With Byrd's default, the best prospect for leadership has been ranking majority member Kerr, an acid-tongued oil and gas tycoon who has proven prowess as a parliamentary gut fighter. But Kerr is an uncertain ally for the administration. During the Medicare disaster, he led the assault forces against the bill.

Considering this disarray, it would be impossible to predict the end result in the Finance Committee if the President should make an urgent proposal for a tax cut. A poll of a half dozen members turned up only one in favor and five (with quite varying arguments) against. Some raised questions that deserved serious consideration. But it is unlikely that they will get much consideration in committee. Chairman Mills has been conducting exploratory sessions on the pros and cons of a tax cut; Chairman Byrd will undoubtedly approach the problem with a closed mind and a confused committee.

### The Rule of the Roadblock

Majority Leader Mansfield, having a more academic mind, sees a dilemma that Johnson would never admit. It is that his job is by definition impossible. The rules of the Senate, as Mansfield reminded his colleagues at the outset of the satellite filibuster, grant him no more power than any other member. He attempts to lead a body that literally cannot function if it sticks to a strict interpretation of its rules. Unanimous consent to suspend the rules is the way most business gets transacted. Even this device customarily works to the advantage of those who seek to impose roadblocks rather than of those trying to clear them away.

A Majority Leader must exercise great caution in playing with the rules. If, for example, he should take advantage of a senator's absence to sneak through a unanimous consent agreement, he risks provoking a grudge fight that can be costly. Yet the dissident member feels no great need for reciprocity. A committee chairman may not even deign to confer with the leader on matters of mutual interest.

The situation raises questions about the workings of the legislative process. Certainly there is need for the Senate to retain its deliberative character—not least to act as protection against the sometimes hasty improvisations of the present administration. But it is doubtful if an excessive use of roadblocks promotes deliberativeness. Instead, it can lead to a misallocation of time and energy. It tends to provoke phony arguments and foolish maneuvers. Proponents of a legislative measure are too busy conniving to overcome the unfair advantages of its enemies to give it the close scrutiny it deserves. The anarchy of the committee system as it is perpetrated by someone like Byrd contributes to further anarchy in the attempt to make amends on the Senate floor.

"IT IS HARDLY a hallmark of genius to milk the Senate rules for the purpose of evading consideration and decision," Mansfield declared sadly during the recent hassle. ". . . The only way we can operate is through restraint, accommodation, and courtesy on the part of the Senate as a whole and every individual member in it." He may be right, but the question before the Senate is how to stimulate restraint, accommodation, and courtesy.

# 'Why Are You Calling Me, Son?'

**MEG GREENFIELD**

THEY have never seen anything like it, they say. Not in all their long years in the House. The complainants are members of Congress, and their complaint is of White House pressure—or "arm twisting," as it has come to be known ever since Representative Otis G. Pike (D., New York) announced at the time of the farm bill that his arm ached "from the twisting it has taken." With bipartisan gusto, Democrats and Republicans, Northerners and Southerners direct the curious reporter back and forth across party lines to hear the latest tale of administration bullying and revenge.

How serious are the charges of administration maltreatment of Congress? In the cloakroom of the House, where newsmen and members exchange gossip freely, where less is actually heard than more or less overheard, and where this morning's rumor turns up by afternoon on the ever-clacking Teletype, it is necessary to proceed with caution. The long corridor-like room abutting the chamber of the House is one of the main press feedback stations in Washington, and by midsummer, when everyone has read at least six articles on "the mood of Congress," each further refining this year's formula for what went wrong, it becomes increasingly difficult for the members themselves to distinguish between what they think and what they have read that they think. By early September, even the most skillful of interviewers is likely to come away from the Hill with little more than a rehash of yesterday's Roscoe Drummond in his notes.

"Don't take the complaints about pressure without a grain of salt,"



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one House Democrat warned me. "We are always looking for excuses for voting the way we do." More than a few of his colleagues agree, but they add that the administration seems to have gone out of its way to provide the members with excuses. To the White House counterclaim that pushing and prodding sometimes help and never hurt, one congressman replies by citing the case of a particular young liaison man, the very sight of whom at the cloakroom door, he claims, is enough to cost the administration twenty-five votes. Under questioning he lowered the figure to three, but this time he seemed serious.

### They've Got a Little List

The most widely shared and loudly voiced grievance that Congress has against administration practices concerns the unremitting attention it receives from those it describes simply and without affection as "the young men." They badger, to hear the members tell it. They hector. They even chase. (The House on farm-vote day in fact looked like a Keystone Cops sequence.) But above all, they telephone.

Legislators who still cherish the notion that they themselves will decide how to vote appear to have been at various times amused, confused, and infuriated by the discombobulation of incoming messages they have received, not only (or even) from the appropriate White House office of Lawrence O'Brien but from other department and agency aides as well, from "alerted" personal friends, from home-town political cronies. "Why are you calling me, son?" an august legislator asked an all but anonymous administration phoner not long ago. "I'm not angry," he explained to the somewhat flustered person at the other end of the wire. "I'm just curious. Why are *you* calling me? What department are you in? Who do you work for?" The same questions were asked with more exasperation than curiosity by Representative Francis E. Walter (D., Pennsylvania) not long ago. How did he stand on a certain amendment that was about to come up, a voice on the phone wanted to know. Since Walter was himself scheduled to speak for the amendment and since he had been in on administration strategy for it from the beginning, he demanded to know why the young man was calling him. "Because," came the reply, "your name was on my list."

It is not just confusion and random dialing that a visitor to Congress will hear about these days. When House members get calls on unrelated legislation from departments such as Post Office and Defense that are known for the favors they can bestow or withhold, it is not usually necessary to ask why the particular caller is calling. "If the Agriculture Department wants to send a guy who knows about the farm bill," said one of the more offended members, "I don't give a damn what his title is. But a Post Office guy wanted to talk to me about it, and I refused to accept him as an emissary."

Congressmen themselves, of course, have often managed to suggest that there was a connection between the national interest and the construction of a bridge in their home district, and some are far less appalled than others by the administration's tactics. But even congressmen who have come up from the big city machines occasionally wonder aloud whether the administration hasn't gone too far. "You could say that they have been somewhat overzealous," I was told by one who persisted in referring to the White House throughout our talk as "the organization."

THE REPUBLICANS, naturally, have fewer reservations. On June 13, Representative Gerald R. Ford (R., Michigan) told the House that he had lately been called and cautioned about his vote on the question of raising the debt limit by a defense contractor from his state who had himself got the word from the Department of Defense. His declaration set off a series of similar revelations from Republican members. "I thought maybe I was the only one contacted by a defense contractor," said Representative Frank J. Becker (R., New York). "I received a telephone call yesterday, and a veiled threat to the effect that I had better get busy and go along with this . . ."

What the farm bill was to the Democrats, in fact, the debt-limit increase seems to have been to the Republicans. It was over this same issue that Representative Herman T. Schneebeli (R., Pennsylvania) received an unsolicited phone call, though he didn't put the story in the *Congressional Record*. The morning of the vote, Mr. Schneebeli reports, he received a worried communication from a man in Berwick, Pennsylvania, who was in charge of a local fund-raising project to help the city buy a factory. Berwick had a loan request pending before the Area Redevelopment Administration in Washington, and the night before, the man said, he had been called by an ARA spokesman and warned that if Congressman Schneebeli did not vote right on the debt limit, there was a strong chance that Berwick's loan would be denied. The congressman refused to go along and Berwick eventually got its loan anyway. This story, with its happy ending for everyone except the administration, tends to bear out one current theory in Congress, which is that high-minded considerations aside, by threatening too often and too much the White House may simply have succeeded in losing friends while at the same time failing to influence people.

It is a rather special theory, however, held by a special few. What does seem true is that the administration's predisposition to "wheedle and needle," as one member describes it, has had certain boomerang effects. For one thing, congressmen are notoriously sensitive and loyal to one another in matters such as these: the telephone bell that tolls for Mr. Schneebeli tolls, as they see it, for them all. For another thing, congressmen are admirably cunning themselves. "I was amused when I broke with the administration on one bill," said a normally down-the-line Democrat. "I couldn't believe all the attention I got." As he tells it, the present administration, by its overly practical approach to Congress, has added a fourth pre-voting posture to the normal three of "Yes," "No," and "Undecided." It is "Negotiable." "I know guys," said another, pursuing the same line of thought, "who are *looking* for places to break with them."

Such political play, to be sure, is



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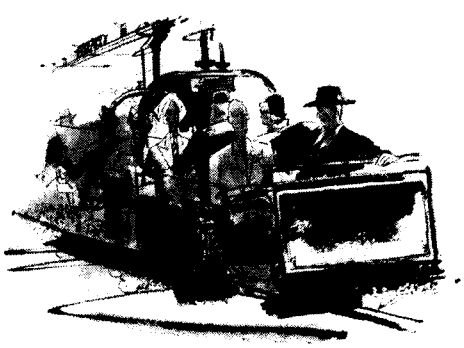
recommended only for the skilled. It is at best a perilous game. According to a number of members who support the administration most of the time, the White House is not particularly sympathetic to those who wander off the reservation and plead district difficulties. With something like desperation, an administration aide replies that he has never met a congressman without crushing problems. In fact, he maintained, if you sit down with a congressman who has had neither a primary to fight nor even an opponent in a general election for the past sixteen years, the first thing he will start talking about is the trouble he is having in the district. Be that as it may, one of the commonest complaints among Democrats from marginal districts is that they are alternately taken for granted and abused. "There is no gratitude for those measures you do support," one told me, "and real hostility when you don't."

When it comes to describing the nature of the "hostility," the voices become louder and bipartisan once again. It is petty hostility, the wounded proclaim; it is vindictive and childish. Stories are told in the cloakroom of congressmen being punished for wrong votes by being denied, say, a picture-taking session at the White House with a constituent who has some ceremonial business there. There is also said to be in store for naughty voters a kind of ostracism and social vengeance indulged in by the most lowly of the White House staff low. Take the case of Representative Paul B. Dague (R., Pennsylvania), who is both a proud ex-Marine and a black Republican. Mr. Dague is fond of attending Friday night Marine reviews in Washington, but he claims that when the White House was in charge of the invitation list for a special Marine review not long ago, he and three other ex-Marine congressmen noted for their anti-administration records found their names removed from the invitation list. "I haven't done anything like that since I was in the sixth grade," he told me. "And I've never had anything like that happen under Truman or Eisenhower. If I had gone to Mr. Truman and asked for a post office, he would just have said, 'Don't be ridiculous. You're not with me.' But this sort of thing didn't happen."

**Blitzkrieg!**

When hard-line Republicans start expressing nostalgia for the good old days of Harry Truman, certain doubts, to be sure, are raised in the reporter's mind. Still, the childish if-you're-not-for-us-you're-against-us attitude such incidents seem to reveal, plus a certain youthful contempt for congressmen in general, seems to lie at the heart of the problem—at least as the problem is viewed from Capitol Hill. The young men are arrogant and contemptuous, the members hasten to tell you. Not all of them are, but enough to make the difference. Congressmen don't like being told how to vote by cabinet members. Much less do they enjoy



receiving their instructions from emissaries sometimes forty years their junior against whom they have a bad chemical reaction to begin with, and whose bad manners and lack of sensitivity have reached spectacular proportions. A powerful senior congressman and committee chairman told me that he returned to his office one day to find that one of the notorious young men had called to tell him how to vote. Failing to find him in, the caller had, of all things, left the congressman's instructions with his secretary. The young lady then proceeded to tell her boss what to do.

Oddly enough, even those who howl the loudest about such things do not tend to blame the President himself. He is a former member of both houses, after all. "I think," one of them said, "the President would be the first to be unhappy about this if he knew what was going on."

"Congressmen are not boobs," Deputy AID Administrator Frank Coffin was reported on the front page of the *Wall Street Journal* to have advised his agency minions not long ago. It's not the sort of thing, if you were a congressman, that you would be particularly thrilled to read in the papers, but the gist of the story was encouraging. Administration aides were being taken to task for their contempt of Congress. Some congressmen, of course, *are* boobs. But those who are not argue that the administration has thus far suffered from its own attitude toward the members. "The White House has more friends down here than it knows," a Midwestern Democrat told me. "But they're so busy arm twisting they don't take advantage of them." "They suffer," said another, "from their own ribbon-clerk approach. The administration fails to use Congress properly. They just send things down and wait for us to vote for them. They don't draw on or avail themselves of the sometimes surprisingly idealistic wisdom of Congress. There are many more national-minded legislators down here than the White House aides think. They will never win by 'handling' them." In the good old days—whenever that was—said a third, you set up hearings and worked it out with them. You asked them to testify. You took their position seriously and they respected yours. Nowadays, he lamented, they leave you alone and then, all of a sudden, it's *Blitzkrieg!*

NOT ALL of the administration's troubles with the House, but some of them at least, may well proceed from nothing more complicated than a case of mistaken identity. For despite superficial resemblances to a sort of permanent political convention, the House is in fact a permanent sitting legislative body. Telephonic pressure, arm twisting, cajoling, head counting—all the techniques that served the Kennedy forces so well in conventions from Los Angeles to Springfield—are doomed to disaster with the petulant, powerful, and not-so-boobish members of the House.

"I wish," one of the truly pro-Kennedy members told me, "that they would stop counting long enough to think."



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# All the Bright Young Men

**WORTH BINGHAM and WARD S. JUST**

He probably has a copy of Richard E. Neustadt's *Presidential Power* on his bookshelf and an autographed picture of the President on his bureau. His office hours are implausible, and he complains in a perfunctory way that he hasn't had a "real vacation" in over a year. He was FKBW (for Kennedy before Wisconsin) and is already contemplating the rigors of 1964. He is under thirty-five, and eminently "operational." He is the Young Frontiersman, a new breed of government servant who has come to Washington from Harvard and Yale, from Hofstra and CCNY, to help run the bureaucracy and form a talent pool for the Democratic Party.

Much has been written of a few celebrated Young Frontiersmen: Ted Sorensen, thirty-four, the Sherman Adams of the Kennedy administration; Pierre Salinger, thirty-seven, the ebullient Press Secretary to the President; Appointments Secretary Kenneth O'Donnell, thirty-eight. Less is known of the Young Frontiersmen in the lower ranks of the Federal establishment. These are the men of the Peace Corps or the Commerce Department or the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service. One, Pedro A. Sanjuan, thirty-one, has managed to turn the normally routine Office of Protocol of the State Department into a tempest of activity.

The Young Frontiersmen have taken more than one motto from Bobby Kennedy, but probably the most relevant is a remark the thirty-six-year-old Attorney General made about the Massachusetts election campaign of his thirty-year-old brother Teddy. "Teddy's going to win," Bobby said, "because he hustles hard."

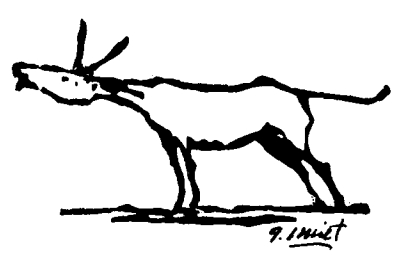
Hustling hard, constantly politicking, plotting to circumvent the bureaucracy, the juniors provide much of the "style" or "élan" of the New Frontier. Most admired is tough-mindedness, a quality that is supposed to stop just short of ruthlessness but to go somewhat further than the merely decisive.

"When we started looking for people," Bobby Kennedy once told a reporter, "we were interested in people who could get a job done. We were interested in loyalty and we were interested in people who have the power and the capacity to make decisions. I think we've done remarkably well."

The deft, bright young men are all over town. Peter T. Jones, thirty-two, is Deputy Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Trade Policy, a position created shortly after the administration decided to launch its assault for a liberalized trade program. Herbert Schmertz, thirty-two, replaced a sixty-five-year-old attorney as the general counsel of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service. Richard Murphy, at thirty-two, has direct responsibility as an Assistant Postmaster General for the Post Office Department's 588,477 employees.

### Mr. Haddad in a Hurry

There is no absolute archetype of the new breed, but the spirit seems to run deepest in William F. Haddad, thirty-four, the Peace Corps' associate director for "planning and evaluation." Haddad's fifth-floor headquarters has an almost breathless air about it, like the atmosphere of the county high school that has just won the state basketball championship. One observer has commented that it resembles a campaign



headquarters on the eve of an election.

But the election never comes, and the lights continue to burn until midnight. The bulletin boards drip with the latest press clippings. No one ever puts his coat on. An interview with Haddad is likely to take place between 7 and 10 P.M., and even then there will be delays. A wait in the anteroom is charged with drama. Pretty girls teeter in with cups of coffee. Phones ring. Men whisper. Haddad's assistant strikes up a conversation by glancing at a section of the evening paper and remarking, "I hardly know what one looks like any more."

The first glimpse of Haddad comes after thirty minutes. He darts out of his office to assure his visitor that he won't be much longer, and turns to his secretary to remind her that there are other appointments at 8:45 and 9:30.

Haddad is a swarthy, restless chunk of a man. He settles back in his chair, props his feet on the desk, and begins talking in staccato bursts.

"This thing's really got me excited. Take the guy who's coming in at 8:45. Trilingual lawyer from New York. Built like a left halfback. In the war. Purple Heart. Bronze Star. Coaches at the Y. But he's got a wife and kids. Wants to buy a house in the suburbs. He's going through a dilemma. You can see it catch hold of the guy. We want him to head up a Peace Corps group overseas. Unbelievable guys doing it. Newspapermen. Lawyers."

Haddad talks on. He compares Peace Corpsmen to the men who were captains, majors, and colonels in their twenties during the Second World War. "Most people today have to stand in line and wait their turn." He completed the thought soberly: "It's very seldom in our society that you get a chance to be stretched." When the talk turns to a friend in another government department, Haddad shakes his head. "They're not stretching him over there."

Haddad lied about his age to get into an aviation-cadet training program at fourteen, became a cadet squadron commander before the authorities found out about his youth. On the strength of a second-class radio operator's permit, Haddad received an ensign's commission in the merchant marine at sixteen. When the war ended he shifted to freighters and spent the next five years at sea. In 1950 he decided to continue his education at St. Petersburg Junior College, in Florida, and at Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism. He was subsequently publicity manager for a Democratic



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Congressional candidate in San Francisco, an assistant to Senator Kefauver in Washington, a night-school candidate for a Ph.D. in Russian-Chinese Affairs at Georgetown University, an engineer for RCA, and, from 1956 to 1961, the New York *Post's* top investigative reporter, winning nearly every major journalistic award except the Pulitzer Prize.

Haddad became a "no compromise, no halfway house" reform Democrat, and took a leave of absence from the *Post* to work for Adlai Stevenson during the 1960 Democratic national convention. After the convention, he got a telephone call from Bobby Kennedy, who wanted Haddad to work for him.

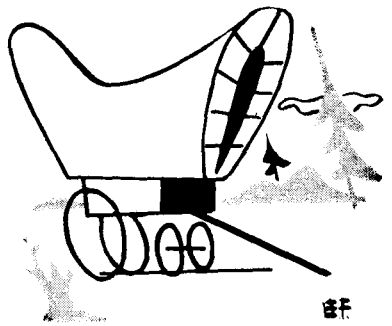
"I'm not a fan of yours," Haddad says he told Bobby.

"I don't care, as long as you do a job," Bobby replied.

Today, Haddad has mellowed. "I had to eat crow," he says, "Bobby is sensational, one of the best people I've ever met. I really became a fan of his." Following the election, Haddad returned to the *Post* and then to Washington again as Peace Corps Director R. Sargent Shriver's special assistant.

HADDAD serves as a combination trouble shooter and idea man for Shriver. Littered around his office were several issues of *Classic Comics* the Corps is considering for use in foreign classrooms ("Look at this! The goddam thing's in French"), a stack of forms and a pamphlet, "Proposed Personnel Policies" ("Sarge doesn't believe it, but we're beginning to get *forms* here. I've got to figure out if they're necessary"), the first draft of a speech, a study of an Israeli program similar to the Peace Corps, the annual report to Congress, plans for a "middle manpower" conference (Peace Corps jargon for farmers, nurses, and teachers), a study of technical cooperation with universities, and cables from the State Department.

Like many Young Frontiersmen, Haddad has political ambitions. Trial balloons were floating about several months ago for Haddad to run as the reform candidate in the Nineteenth Congressional District in Manhattan. "It's an exciting district," Haddad said. "When you're walking down the streets it's like being on a ship and going to ten different ports. You see the Irish sitting out on their stoops, the Jews pushing their carts, the Italians . . ." (Pause.) "I wouldn't have had any trouble winning the election, but I was so damn deep in here I couldn't pull up stakes."



Another Young Frontiersman took a more jaundiced view of the New York political situation. The trial balloons, he remarked, all seemed to be rising from the vicinity of Haddad's office.

Being "wired in" is important to the junior frontiersmen, and a favorite game consists of guessing whether a friend's "pipeline" extends into the White House. Understandably, then, Haddad's stock shot up when the President temporarily assigned him to the State Department not long ago, allegedly to set up a press program for the Alliance for Progress but actually as a Presidential trouble shooter in the trouble-filled Alianza.

Haddad and a secretary moved into a windowless State Department office and began conducting what Haddad called "beef sessions" with down-in-the-mouth Alianza officials. "They don't move as quickly over there," he mused later. "The thing is to try and challenge them and pull them up, not to write them off." Haddad found much to do. Problems abounded. Wires hummed.

After five days of technical assistance from Haddad, a faint malaise began to seep into the sprawling Agency for International Development. After ten, AID Director Fowler Hamilton found his already difficult job becoming intolerable. Morale slipped. Tempers tightened. Rumbling with displeasure, Hamilton demanded an interview with the President of the United States. An appointment was arranged for ten one morning for Hamilton and his loyal deputies Frank Coffin and Walter Lingle (since departed).

At the appointed hour, the bristling trio arrived in the Presidential anteroom. As they were about to be ushered in, the door opened. Hamilton's jaw went slack as he recognized the confident, smiling figure emerging from the Presidential suite. It was William F. Haddad. But next day Haddad was back at his old stand in the Peace Corps building.

### The Jones Boy

Across town, an equally spacious, blue-carpeted office accommodates Peter T. Jones, the thirty-two-year-old Deputy Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Trade Policy. While Haddad was voyaging in freighters, Jones was graduating from Yale (magna cum laude) and preparing to enter Harvard Law School. It is not inappropriate that Jones is involved in the administration's trade program. There is nothing so "U" these days as trade policy. It has almost replaced foreign aid as the most acceptable activity.

Pete Jones is a clean-desk man. His speech is precise, urbane, unhurried; his manner seems detached. The articulate, occasionally sharp-tempered son of the foreign manager for United Press International, Jones has several impressive New Frontier credentials. One is that he worked for J.F.K. during the campaign.

After law school and a brief tour of duty with Chester Bowles (then out of office and writing books), Jones was interviewed by twelve large law firms, most of them on or near Wall Street. His choice was the Tiffany of attorneydom, the prestigious and powerful Sullivan & Cromwell, Manhattan headquarters of the late John Foster Dulles and his brother Allen. Another partner is Arthur Dean, the Republican who is now conducting the U.S. side of the nuclear test-ban dialogue at Geneva.

In 1960, artist William Walton, a close personal friend of President Kennedy and the official liaison between the Kennedy forces and the Carmine De Sapio interests in New York, pressed Jones into political service. He headed something called



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"Wall Street Lawyers for Kennedy." An office was rented, speakers harangued the gray-flannel crowds from curbstone to curbstone. Jones insists that votes were produced.

About the time of the inauguration, Jones began to look toward Washington. He liked the Kennedy way of doing business, and the new administration liked what it had seen of Jones. Shortly after the inauguration, he was asked to enter a Kennedy task force. He came to Washington as the executive assistant to Henry Labouisse, director of the International Cooperation Administration, who headed a group making a study of the problems surrounding foreign aid. It was widely expected that the talented Labouisse would be the first to head the new AID, but at the last moment some Kennedy advisers concluded he lacked the requisite "toughness." Labouisse is now ambassador to Greece. Jones stuck with Labouisse until the aid bill found its way through Congress. Then, neatly illustrating a near-universal Young Frontiersman trait—an instinct for survival—he shifted to the Commerce Department.

THE KEY to the Kennedy administration, Jones has said, is the word "operational." One Young Frontiersman explains that among other things it includes the ability to "come down hard on a decision and then stand up for it." He considers ex-newspapermen particularly operational because "they carry their profession around in their heads" and don't mind impossible office hours.

Jones appears to be the antithesis of Haddad, but there are similarities. Jones will not admit it, but friends say he has political ambitions. One possible one is a Manhattan Congressional candidacy.

Both Jones and Haddad are very, very busy. The image of busyness, of being involved with great questions of public policy, is important to survivorship on the New Frontier. There are not many status symbols for the sub-subcabinet officer, and as with the journalist who quotes "insiders," small items assume importance. In Jones's case his reputation is legitimate.

Jones has commented to interviewers, "I have far more respect for the system than when I first got down here." By "the system" he is understood to mean the ways of the U.S. Congress. Jones was a fast learner. Secretary of Commerce Hodges, his boss, is a talented politician who manages to get along well with the House Ways and Means Committee, the unit in the House that handled the trade bill. "Ways and Means," Jones has said, "is an extraordinarily impressive operation. It's pretty much a nonpartisan approach." It is almost unique in Washington to

hear a New Frontiersman, much less a Young Frontiersman, speak warmly of a nonpartisan approach to anything. But Jones does: "I have gotten a clearer understanding of local-interest pressure."

The Deputy Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Trade Policy is not without enemies. "He is the most arrogant young man in town," according to one critic. "Nice guys finish last," Jones has said, quoting Leo Durocher. He has maintained to friends that there are "no bleeding hearts" on the New Frontier. "Very few people on the New Frontier are the least bit abashed at the need or the opportunity to use power. They understand it, and they like it."

What's to be done with all the power that the New Frontiersmen are not the least bit abashed to use? "I would say," the Deputy Assistant Secretary for Trade Policy has said, "that as in the common law, only more rapidly, you continue to see an evolution of program and policies that fit into a unified whole. But it is inductive rather than deductive, and it'll be a helluva lot more concrete than the hefty phrases about God, Mother, and Yale."

Part of the Young Frontiersmen's credo is to get things done, but fast. One of them, Pedro Sanjuan, tells of South Americans who were training at a military base in Texas. One of their number was refused admittance to a movie theater on the mistaken belief that he was a Negro, and an international incident was threatened. A direct phone call from Sanjuan to a friend at the Department of Defense got prompt action. In seventy-two hours apologies had been made all around. The bureaucratic route, Sanjuan insists, would have meant two weeks.

One important outlet for the abounding *esprit de corps* of the young executives is an institution called the New Frontier Club. It is an association of perhaps fifty younger men in the administration who meet semi-monthly to listen to a top-ranking administration figure. One evening at the Occidental Restaurant not long ago, the NFC was listening to Ted Sorensen, the President's special counsel, who told them, "If there is one word which describes the administration's foreign policy, it is the word 'community.'" Not long after, a twenty-seven-year-old State Department aide and NFC member (who has since switched to the Democratic National Committee), speaking to a group of Pennsylvania clergymen who were touring the department's vast building in Foggy Bottom, said: "If there is one word that describes this administration's foreign policy, it's the word 'community.'" That's how the word is passed.

ALL the bright young men are riding high and know it. Sometimes this contributes to monumental egotism ("I had a fabulous record at Yale Law School"), sometimes to shyness ("I'm just a handyman around here"), occasionally to mere fatuousness ("The Kennedy administration attracts people who want to do things"), more often the boldly extravagant ("The young guys around here are the neck that moves the head"). Herbert Schmertz seems to sum up the attitude: "The idea of great sacrifice—it's not prevalent among us. Coming to Washington is not a great sacrifice; hell, far from it. We're close to the seat of things; we're involved."



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# Algeria: The Leaders Meet Their Followers

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

PERHAPS the most significant comment on the confused struggle in Algeria was made in a document drawn up by some of the Algerian leaders themselves at a pre-independence meeting in Tripoli last June. "One of the essential causes that have hampered the development of the National Liberation Front," declared this essay in self-criticism, ". . . is the lag that has arisen between its leadership and the Algerian masses. While necessary from certain viewpoints at the time, the establishment of the FLN's highest executive authority on foreign soil three years after the beginning of the struggle nonetheless had the effect of cutting it off from national realities."

The document was published in mid-July by *El Moudjahid*, the organ of the FLN directed by a group made up of some of the more militant young members of the party. In making public the secret report, *El Moudjahid* no doubt sought to discredit the civilian leadership of the nationalist movement, particularly the Tunis faction headed by Benyoussef Ben Khedda which took over power in Algiers after the referendum, and to support the military clique behind the dissident faction of Mohammed Ben Bella, whose more extreme leaders advocate a Castro-style revolution in Algeria. The basic contention that the FLN leadership is out of touch with the current mood and needs of the Algerian people would seem, however, to be fairly close to the mark.

The failure of leadership has been just as marked at Ben Bella's headquarters in Tlemcen as it has been in Algiers. "His [Ben Bella's] conversation . . . betrays an innocence of economics and even political realities," a leading British expert on North Africa, Clare Hollingsworth, reported in the *Guardian* late last month after an exclusive interview with the dissident nationalist leader. "He bases his power here on the machine guns which guard his 'court.' Only one telephone line connects him with the outside world and this is in constant use linking him with Cairo and Rabat. But down the hill in his capital, Tlemcen, the tradespeople are complaining about unpaid bills."

THE MILITARY LEADERS appear no more conscious of the "national realities" stressed in the Tripoli report than do the civilian heads of the FLN; in fact they are adjusting to them even more slowly. Colonel Houari Boumedienne, former chief of staff of the ALN, whose ousting by the Ben Khedda faction precipitated the split in the nationalist movement, recently declared to the Moroccan newspaper *Al Tahrir*: "The new society that we want to build is a socialist one. A regrouping of the population is one of the solutions to envisage, for it would facilitate both the political and the physical education of the people and enable them to assume their responsibilities." Forced regrouping of the population (accompanied by strenuous campaigns of political "education") was one of the most bitterly resented wartime measures imposed on the Algerian people by the French Army, and Boumedienne's suggestion did not elicit an enthusiastic response from the masses.

Even the officers who led the guerrilla forces inside Algeria during the war and who today as *wilaya* (military district) or zone (subdistrict) commanders are the real masters of the country do not seem to be notably sensitive to the public mood. They were nearly as isolated from the bulk of the nation in their wartime *djebel* strongholds as were the officers garrisoned throughout the war in Tunisia or Morocco. Isolation has also made them fiercely jealous of their jurisdiction. Despite the generally favorable attitude of the Algerian leaders toward the foreign press, correspondents often had difficulty in obtaining passes that would be honored from one district or subdistrict to the next. There is widespread and growing public criticism of the military feudalism into which the ALN guerrilla commands have lapsed, as well as of the harsh and arbitrary manner in which they exercise authority.

### The Nationhood Myth

The Algerian independence movement has since its beginnings reflected the regional, tribal, and other divisions of Algerian society. Despite this, a basic myth of Algerian nationhood with historic roots has developed both inside Algeria and abroad during the last seven years. The stubborn and often heroic fight of the Algerian people to throw off the yoke of colonial oppression was so



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violent that it concealed the essential artificiality of the nationalist myth in whose name it was fought. General de Gaulle was one of the few Frenchmen who very early in the Algerian war understood that the hunger for freedom and progress was as deeply rooted in the Algerian masses as the concept of nationhood was superficial. He hoped at first to work out some formula that would have satisfied the former without accepting the latter, but ultimately he came to the conclusion that such a compromise was impossible. In the last eighteen months his Algerian policy has been based on the premise that the nationalist fever would have to run its course. De Gaulle believes that after more or less prolonged convulsions in Algeria, economic and cultural realities plus the common sense of the Algerian people will eventually bring about real co-operation with France.

Most of the more prominent nationalist leaders are out of touch with the Algerian masses largely because they have failed to recognize and understand the gigantic social and cultural changes that have taken place in this country over the past few years. From 1957 onward, the French tried to fight political revolution with an economic and social revolution. The visible signs are modern factories, power generators, and cheap housing projects. Less evident but perhaps more significant are the welfare programs sponsored by the French for the emancipation of Algerian women and for eradicating illiteracy.

Though the French strategy failed to satisfy the deep-seated hunger for independence, it transformed Moslem society in Algeria far more drastically than the exiled nationalist leaders have recognized. Today, the Algerian leaders, obsessed with the totalitarian doctrine that the masses must be regimented—if necessary at gunpoint—by a revolutionary elite, seem not to have noticed what strikes the foreign observer as the most original and hopeful feature of the Algerian problem: the existence of a surprisingly sophisticated public opinion.

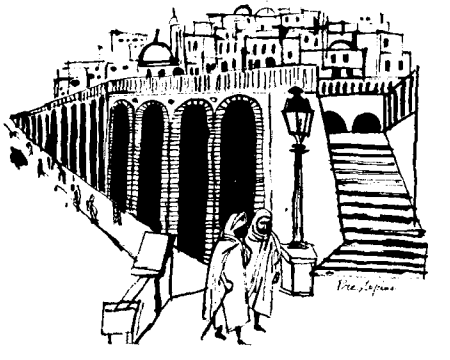
DURING the seven years' war most of the Algerian people learned to resist the ceaseless bombardments of French propaganda, the blandishments of the social worker-administrators of the French Army's Special Section, and the terrorism of General Massu's paratroopers, whose methods of torture are now being applied by the FLN secret police to Europeans suspected of having belonged to the OAS. In short, Algerians learned to think for themselves. The ability to formulate independent judgments on public problems spread from the middle-class Moslem quarters to the working-class districts and even to the more developed rural areas. The public has a basically democratic orientation that is not matched on a mass scale anywhere else in Africa or the Arab Middle East.

The closing down of European-owned shops and factories, the mass exodus of the European propertied classes, the desertion of many French civil servants, the flight of capital, and the depletion of stocks have produced a critical situation. Some of the hopes for economic co-operation between France and Algeria have already been irreparably compromised by the disorder of the last few weeks. If the situation has not radically improved by the end of August, a total economic breakdown will take place. Some experts estimate that there are as many as two million jobless Algerians out of a normal work force of some three and a half million. If employment is not soon found for them, there may be an explosion of blind mob fury.

So far, however, the pressure of public opinion has been expressed mainly through the students' and women's associations and the labor unions. "The workers of Algeria cannot stand idly by and watch this sabotage," the powerful UGTA, the nationalist labor federation, warned recently. "The chiefs of the revolution do not have the right to halt the march of history with their dissensions." Various student and labor organizations have spoken up against military rule, against totalitarian methods of government, against the excesses of drumhead justice, and in favor of loyally applying the Evian agreement. It is not certain, however, that even the best-intentioned Moslem nationalists realize the implicit contradiction between restoring the confidence of the European settlers and carrying out some of the drastic land-reform programs that are widely advocated.

The Kabyles, who have recently shown themselves to be determined adversaries of revolutionary totalitarianism, are among the most dependable defenders of democracy in Algeria. This close-knit community of some two million is economically one of the poorest in Algeria but culturally one of the most advanced. The Kabyles, despite their cultural particularism, strongly favor both preserving the territorial unity of Algeria and maintaining close ties with France, where between a third and a half of the active male Kabyles are working.

HOW DEEPLY Algerian opinion is committed to the ideal of social revolution is not yet clear. But it is certain that the Algerian masses do not want revolution for the sake of revolution, much less for the sake of the professional revolutionaries.





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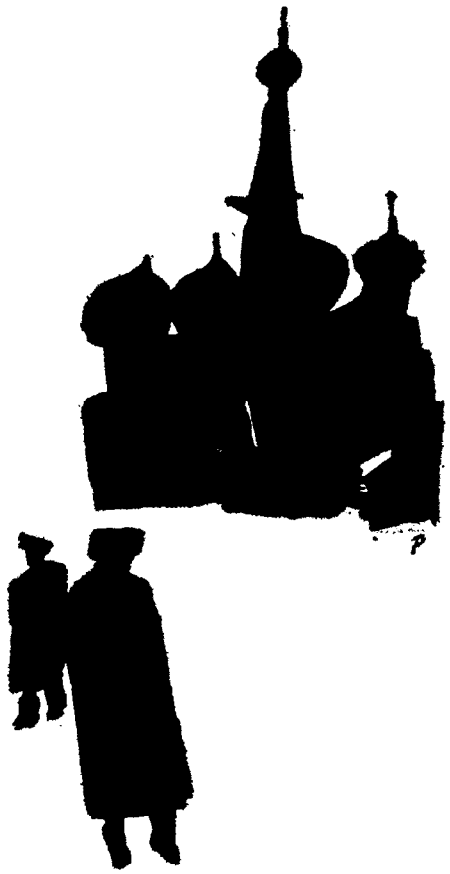
*Nikolai Arzak is the pseudonym of a Soviet writer who, judging from his accomplished Russian, is an experienced professional. This short story, which recently made its way clandestinely from Russia to the West, has never appeared in Russian; it was first published in Polish translation by the magazine* Kultura *(Maisons Laffitte, France) this year. The greater part of the story appears here for the first time in English. The complete English translation from the Russian will be published this fall by Pantheon Books in the anthology* Dissonant Voices in Soviet Literature, *edited by Patricia Blake and Max Hayward.*



# This Is Moscow Speaking

**NIKOLAI ARZAK**

When I now try to reconstruct in my mind the events of the past year, I find it very difficult to put my memories in order or to give a coherent and consistent account of everything I saw, heard, and felt; but I remember very well the day when *it* began, down to the minutest detail, down to the merest trifle.

We were sitting in the garden at the *dacha*. We had all arrived the night before to celebrate Igor's birthday; we had drunk a great deal, made a lot of noise into the early hours, and finally gone to bed in complete certainty that we would not wake up until midday. The suburban tranquillity, however, woke us at seven o'clock. We got up and all began doing all sorts of absurd things; we ran about the lanes in our shorts, did exercises on the beam (no one was able to pull himself up more than five times), and Volodya Margulis even doused himself with water from the well, although everyone knew that he never washed in the mornings, making the excuse that he would be late for work.

We sat around and argued vehemently about the best way to spend a Sunday. Swimming, volleyball, and boating were naturally among the activities mentioned, and one misguided enthusiast even suggested a cross-country walk to the church in the next village.

"It's a very nice church," he said. "A very old one, I don't remember which century . . ."

But everybody laughed at him. No one felt like walking four miles in the heat.

We probably looked rather strange—men and women in their thirties, undressed as though for the beach. We tactfully tried not to notice all sorts of unexpected things about each other, both amusing and depressing: hollow chests and incipient potbellies in the case of the men, and hairy legs and no waists in the case of the women. We had all known each other for a long time, and were familiar with each other's suits, ties, and dresses, but no one had imagined how we would look without clothes, in a state of nature. Who would have thought, for instance, that Igor, who was always so elegant and dignified, and so successful with his female colleagues at college, would turn out to be bandy-legged? Examining each other was as interesting, amusing, and humiliating as looking at dirty postcards.

We sat with our backsides glued to the chairs, which looked so absurd on the grass, and talked about our forthcoming athletic feats. Suddenly Lilya appeared on the terrace.

"Boys," she said, "I just don't understand it."

"And what exactly are you supposed to understand? Come and join us."

"I just don't understand it," she repeated, smiling sadly. "Over the radio . . . they broadcast it over the radio . . . I only heard the end . . . it will be broadcast again in ten minutes."

"The latest reduction—the twenty-first so far—in the prices of horse collars and harnesses," said Volodya, mimicking a radio announcer's voice.

"Let's go inside," said Lilya.

We all trooped into the room where a square plastic loudspeaker was hanging modestly on a nail. In reply to our puzzled questions Lilya did nothing but sigh.

"Steamboatlike sighs," joked Vol-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odya. "That's a good metaphor, isn't it? As good as something out of Ilf and Petrov."

"Lilya, stop pulling our legs," Igor began. "I realize you find it boring washing the dishes by yourself . . ."

At that moment the radio began again.

"This is Moscow speaking," it said. "We are now broadcasting a decree of the Supreme Soviet of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, dated July 16, 1960. In view of the increased well-being . . ."

I looked around. Everybody was standing quietly listening to the reverberating baritone of the announcer. Only Lilya bustled about like a photographer trying to take a picture of children, and made beckoning signs in the direction of the loudspeaker.

". . . in response to the wishes of the masses of working people . . ."

"Volodya, give me a match," said Zoya. They all hissed at her. She shrugged her shoulders and, droping the unlit cigarette into the palm of her hand, turned away toward the window. . . .

". . . Sunday, August 10, is declared . . ."

"Here it comes!" cried Lilya.

". . . Public Murder Day. On that day all citizens of the Soviet Union who have attained the age of sixteen are given the right of free extermination of any other citizen with the exception of persons mentioned in the first paragraph of the annex to this Decree. The Decree comes into force on August 10, 1960, at 6 A.M. Moscow time, and expires at midnight.

"Paragraph 1. Murder of the following categories is prohibited: (a) children under sixteen, (b) persons dressed in the uniform of the armed forces or the militia, and (c) transport workers engaged in the execution of their duties.

"Paragraph 2. Murders committed prior to or subsequent to the abovementioned period and murders committed for purposes of gain or resulting from sexual assault will be regarded as a criminal offense and punished in accordance with the existing laws. Moscow. The Kremlin. Chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme . . ."

Then the radio said:

"We will now broadcast a concert of light music."

We stood and looked at one another in a daze.

"Extraordinary," I said. "Most extraordinary. I can't see the point."

"They'll explain it," said Zoya. "The newspapers are bound to have an explanation."

"Comrades, it's a trick!" Igor was prancing around the room looking for his shirt. "It's a trick. It's the Voice of America broadcasting on our wave length!"

He hopped up and down on one foot, pulling on his pants.

"The Voice of America," said Volodya thoughtfully. "No, it's not possible. It's not technically possible. After all," and he looked at his watch, "it's half-past nine. There are broadcasts going on. If they were operating on our wave length we'd hear both broadcasts."

We went outside again. Half-naked people began appearing on the terraces of neighboring *dachas*. They huddled together in groups, shrugging their shoulders and waving their arms in confusion.

Zoya lit her cigarette at last. She sat down on a step, resting her elbows on her knees. I looked at her hips in the tight-fitting bathing suit, and at her breasts half revealed by the low-cut top. Despite her plumpness, she was very attractive, more so than any of the other women. As always, her expression was calm and rather sleepy. Behind her back they used to call her Madame Phlegmatic.

Igor was fully dressed and, contrasted with the rest of us, looked like a missionary among Polynesians. Ever since Volodya had categorically asserted that the radio announcement could not have been a trick played by transatlantic gangsters, he had become subdued. He evidently regretted that he had dismissed the broadcast so lightly, but in my opinion he had nothing to worry about. There were not supposed to be any informers among us.

"What are we getting excited about, anyway?" he said cheerfully. "Zoya is right. There'll be an explanation. Tolya, what do you think?"

"Damned if I know," I mumbled. "There's still almost a month left before this, what's it called, public . . ."

I broke off. We stared at each other again in dismay.

"I know," said Igor with a shake of the head, "It's all connected with international politics."

"With the Presidential elections in America—is that what you mean, Igor?"

"Lilya, you ought to have kept quiet about the whole thing, damn it!"

"Let's go for a swim," said Zoya, getting up. "Tolya, bring me my bathing cap."

It seemed that the confusion had shaken even her, or she wouldn't have called me Tolya in front of everyone. But apparently no one noticed.

As we were going toward the river, Volodya came up to me, took me by the arm, and said, looking at me sadly with his biblical eyes:

"You know, Tolya, I think they're plotting something against the Jews."

And so here I am writing all this down and wondering exactly why I needed to make these notes. I shall never be able to have them published here; there's no one to whom I can even read them or show them. Should I send them abroad? No. First, it's not possible, and second, what I intend to describe has already been reported in hundreds of newspapers abroad, and the radio has filled the air with it for days and nights; no, they've already done it to death abroad. Anyway, to tell the truth, to be printed abroad in anti-Soviet publications is not so good.

I'm pretending. I know why I'm writing. I want to find out for myself what happened. And, more important, what happened to me. Here I am, sitting at my desk. I'm thirty-five. I'm still working in this ridiculous technical publishing house. My appearance has not changed. Nor my tastes. I like poetry just as much



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as ever. I like to have a drink. I like women, and on the whole they like me. I fought in the war; I killed. I was nearly killed myself. Whenever women suddenly reach out to touch the scar on my hip, they draw back their hands and say in a shocked whisper: "Good heavens, what's that?" "It's a wound," I say, "from a dumdum bullet." "Poor boy," they say, "did it hurt very much?" Generally speaking, everything is as before. Any one of my acquaintances, friends, or colleagues might easily say: "Well, Tolya, you haven't changed a bit!" But I know only too well that Public Murder Day grabbed me by the scruff of my neck and made me look into myself. I know that I had to get to know myself all over again.

And there's another thing. I'm not a writer. In my youth I wrote poetry, and I still do on special occasions; I've written a few reviews of plays. I thought that I would gain a foothold in the literary world that way, but nothing came of it. Nevertheless, I still write. No, I don't suffer from graphomania. Those who do (and in my profession I often come across them) are convinced of their own genius, but I know I have little or no talent. But I really want to write. After all, what is the great thing about the position I'm in? It's that I know in advance that no one will read me, and I can write without fear whatever comes into my head! If I want to write

*And like black Africa the piano*
*Bares its Negroid teeth,*

I do. No one will accuse me of expressing pretentious or colonialist ideas. If I want to write and say that in the government they're all rabble rousers, phonies, and mostly sons of bitches, I do so . . . I can afford the luxury of being a Communist when alone with myself.

If I'm to be completely frank, however, I still hope that I'll have readers—not now, of course, but in many, many years' time when I shall no longer be alive. In Pushkin's words, "At some time the industrious monk will read my diligent anonymous work . . ." It's nice to think about it.

Well, now that I have revealed myself to my imaginary readers, I can continue.

We just weren't able to have any fun that day. Our jokes fell flat, we got bored playing games, didn't have anything to drink, and broke up early.

THE NEXT DAY in Moscow I went to work. I knew in advance that there would be an inevitable commotion about the Decree and that some would express their opinions while others would keep quiet. But to my surprise almost everyone kept quiet. True, two or three people asked me what I thought about it all. I muttered something to the effect that I didn't know and we would have to wait and see, and the conversation ended there.

A day later a long editorial entitled "In Preparation for Public Murder Day" appeared in *Izvestia*. It made very little mention of the reason for the measure, but repeated the usual jumble of expressions, such as "increased well-being," "tremendous advances," "true democracy," "only in our country," "as one man," "for the first time in history," "visible signs," "bourgeois press." It further stated that no damage should be done to public property and that therefore arson and bombings were prohibited. The Decree, moreover, did not cover persons serving sentences in jail. So there you are. The article was read and re-

read, but no one understood it any better, although people became somehow calmer. The actual style of the article, its routine solemnity and prosaic pomposity, probably reassured people. There was nothing special about it. After all, we had Artillery Day and Soviet Press Day, so why not Public Murder Day? Bus and train services would be operating and the police were not to be harmed—that meant everything was in order.

Ten days or so passed like that. Then something began that is difficult to describe in words. There was a kind of strange agitation and unrest. No, I can't find the right words! Everyone became fidgety and began rushing around. In the subways, in movie houses, and on the streets people kept going up to each other, smiling obsequiously and striking up conversations about their ailments, fishing, the quality of nylon stockings—in short, about anything at all. And provided they were not suddenly interrupted by their listeners, they shook their hands for a long time, looking gratefully and searchingly into their eyes. Others, particularly the young people, became rowdy and insolent, everyone in his own way. People sang in the streets and declaimed poetry in loud voices, mostly Esenin, much more than usual. Incidentally, on the subject of poetry, *Literature and Life* published a selection of poems devoted to the forthcoming event by Bezymenskiy, Mikhalkov, Sofronov, and others.[1] Unfortunately, I can't find a copy of this issue despite my efforts, but I remember by heart part of the Sofronov poem:

*The lathes of Rostov Agricultural*
*Machinery Plant were humming,*
*The factory whistles were singing,*
*And our great Party*
*Seized the Trotskyists by the collar.*

*I was seventeen at the time,*
*I was far from maturity,*
*I couldn't tell people apart,*
*So my aim when hitting them was*
*poor.*

*Perhaps I sang more tunefully then,*
*But I was not calm and brave;*
*Feeling pity, I left some alive,*
*Others I could not finish off . . .*

AN ABSOLUTELY astronomical number of jokes went around; Volodya Margulis hurried from one friend to another, telling them and hooting with laughter. Having exhausted his entire supply on me, he reported that Igor had said at a meeting in his college that August 10 was the result of the Party's wise policy, that the Decree reconfirmed the development of the creative initiative of the popular masses, and

(1) Contemporary Soviet poets well known for their capacity to turn out verse on topical themes.



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so on and so on in the usual vein.

"You know something, Tolya?" he said. "I knew Igor was a careerist and all that, but I didn't expect this of him."

"Why not?" I asked. "What's so special about it? He was told to make a speech, and he did. If you were a Party member like Igor, you would have reeled one off, too."

"Me? Never! First, I wouldn't join the Party for anything, and second . . ."

"First, second! Stop shouting! Are you really any better than Igor? Didn't you jabber about nationalism[2] at school during the Doctors' Plot?"

I said it, and was immediately sorry I had. It was a sore point with him. He couldn't forgive himself that he had believed the newspapers for a while.

"I'd rather hear how you're getting along with Nina," I said more amiably. "How long since you've seen her?"

Volodya brightened up.

"You know, Tolya, it's not an easy love," he said. "It's not easy. I called her yesterday and said I wanted to see her, but she answered . . ."

Volodya talked for another half hour about his complicated love life and went away. I showed him out, but he immediately rang the bell again, put his head through the half-open door, and said in a whisper so the neighbors wouldn't hear:

"Tolya, if there is a Jewish pogrom on August 10, I'm going to fight. This isn't going to be another Babi Yar for them. I'll shoot the swine. Just wait and see!" And opening his jacket, he showed me the butt of an officer's pistol sticking out of his inside pocket; he had kept it since his army days.

"They won't take me easily."

When he had finally left, I stood for some time in the middle of the room.

Who were "they"?

"TOLYA, you simply don't want to be serious about it! Just try to understand one simple thing . . ."

My neighbor was soaping a dirty dish with a mop. His stomach, covered with gray hair, was tightly enmeshed by a net undershirt; it protruded from his pants and rested on the edge of the sink. He was terribly excited although I had not objected to a single word.

"No, no, don't get me wrong! I'm not an admirer of newspaper clichés.

But facts are facts, and you've got to face them: public awareness has definitely increased! Ergo, the state has the right to conduct an extensive experiment and hand over some of its functions to the people. After all, we have the voluntary militia squads, Komsomol patrols, people's voluntary police for the maintenance of public law and order. And that's a fact which means something. But obviously, even they make mistakes—lapses, you might call them—they've slashed the tight trousers of the dandies and girls have had their heads shaved, but that's bound to happen![3] Production costs! You can't make an omelet without breaking eggs. And the Decree is nothing else but the logical continuation of a process already begun—the process of democratization. Democratization of what? Democratization of the organs of executive authority. But the ideal, and don't misunderstand me, is the gradual assumption of the executive authority by the masses, at the lowest level, so to speak. No, I don't mean lowest level, that wasn't right, we don't have any low levels. Well, you know what I mean . . . and believe me, an old lawyer—hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands of people have passed through my hands—believe me, the people will first and foremost settle the score with hoodlums, spongers, and the dregs of society."

I was hoping against hope he would drop the slippery plate, and he finally broke it against the sink. His wife came hurrying in, looked disapprovingly at the pieces and then at me, and said in an even voice: "Peter, go into our room."

"That spell in a concentration camp didn't do that fool any good," I thought as he left, and I went off to answer the bell.

Zoya came in.

We went through to my room, and Zoya, sighing with relief, threw off her shoes. I like to watch women taking off their shoes: the shape of the leg changes and immediately becomes intimate, domestic, and somehow unsophisticated.

"It looks as if you're wearing white slippers," I said, pointing to her untanned feet. "Show me where else you're still white."

"I want to have a talk with you," she replied. "All right, then, later on."

I kissed her.

"Lock the door," she said.

WE LAY side by side a little way from each other. Zoya's skin was cool, despite the heat; her lightly tanned body had three white bands around it—on her breasts, hips, and feet. She lay beside me, spread out freely and unashamedly, beautiful and resplendent like a clown at a circus, and I felt that I loved her very much. I wanted to wink just as freely and unashamedly at some imaginary observer and, perhaps, accomplice, and say to him: "You see, my friend, what kind of a woman I've got!" I lay there and wondered whether what was happening between us could be called "life"—struggle, conquest, mutual capitulation, acceptance, and vehement rejection, a deep sense of oneself and complete loss of self, alienation and union—all in one, all at the same time. And at that moment I didn't care that she was married, or that I was not the only one who possessed her clever, submissive, ever-waiting flesh, or that she had a husband who caressed her on a legal basis, or that in a month's time my sister would be back from vacation and Zoya would no longer be able to come and see me, and that we would have to loiter in attics and doorways like stray cats, or that I would again be surprised and even

(2) The Zionist nationalism with which the Jewish doctors were charged in the notorious affair of 1952.

(3) The formation of vigilante groups (*druzhiny*) who help the ordinary militia fight "hooliganism" is a notable feature of the post-Stalin era. There have been frequent cases of these groups molesting young people who dress in western style.



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slightly shocked by her ability to give herself to me in the most unlikely places, and that I would be very grateful to her for it. Now I didn't care about any of that. I lay there and waited for her to speak.

And she did.

"Tolya," she said, "it will soon be Public Murder Day,"

She uttered these words very simply and in a businesslike way as though she had said, "It will soon be New Year's" or "It will soon be May Day."

"And what about it?" I asked. "What has that got to do with us?"

"Aren't you fed up with hiding?" she asked. "Now we can change everything."

"I don't understand," I murmured. But I was telling a lie. I understood perfectly.

"Let's kill Paulie."

THAT's what she said: "Paulie." Not "my husband," or "Paul," but "Paulie." I felt my lips stiffen.

"Zoya, are you in your right mind? What are you saying?"

Zoya slowly turned her head and rubbed her cheek against my shoulder.

"Tolya dear, don't be upset. Just think calmly. After all, there won't be another chance. I've thought it all out. You can come to us the night before. You can say that you want to spend the day with us. Paulie and I haven't planned to go anywhere. And you and I can do it together. Then you can come and live with me and we'll get married. I wouldn't involve you in it, and would do it all by myself, except that I'm simply scared of not being able to carry it off."

She talked, while I lay and listened, and every word seized me by the throat like a momentary spasm of choking.

"Tolya, why don't you say something?"

I coughed and said:

"Get out."

She didn't understand.

"Where to?"

"To hell," I said.

Zoya stared at me for a few seconds, then got up and began to get dressed. She put on her brassiere, then her panties, and then her petticoat. I watched her disappear under the clothing. She threw on her dress, pushed her feet into the shoes, and began arranging her hair.

Having done so, she took her handbag and unlocked the door. On the threshold she turned around and said, not too loudly:

"Sissy."

And she left. I heard the front door click.

I got up and dressed. I carefully rearranged the bedclothes. I swept up the room. I made a large number of movements, concentrating on each one. I wanted very much to avoid thinking.

I STOPPED going to work. I called up the editorial office and said I was sick. I lay on the bed, or wandered about the room and spent hours drawing faces on the wrapping paper in which some sausage had been delivered.

The only person who came to see me during all this time was Volodya Margulis. He kept asking me an idotic question as soon as he arrived: "But what do they expect to gain from this Decree?" "They" was the government. I kept silent while Volodya, who was glad that I had no personal opinion, began explaining to me that the whole weird business was not only inevitable but lay at the very basis of socialist teachings.

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, of course it does. It's all quite correct: they have to legalize murder and make it a commonplace occurrence, so that's why they're not explaining anything. Before, they used to explain things and spread propaganda."

"You're talking nonsense! When was that?"

"During the Revolution."

"You're wrong there. The Revolution was neither made that way nor for that purpose."

"What about 1937? It was the same thing. Complete freedom of extermination. Only at that time there were trimmings to go with it, while this time there's nothing. Kill and that's all! And anyway, at that time there was a complete apparatus with tremendous personnel at the service of the murderers. Now you do it yourself. Self-service."

"Oh, dry up, Volodya! Your anti-Soviet monologues have stopped being funny."

"What's wrong; are you taking the side of the Soviet régime? Do you think that you ought to stand up for it?"

"For a real Soviet régime, of course I ought to."

"You mean one without Communists? Like in Sholokhov's *And Quiet Flows the Don?*"

"Go to hell!"

"That's a very convincing answer!" said Volodya sarcastically. "And you . . ."

"That's enough," I said.

We lapsed into silence, and he went off in a huff.

I lay down on the bed again and began thinking. The reason the Decree had been announced just didn't concern me. There was no point in looking for scientific justification and jabbering about the Revolution. I don't like doing that. My father was a commissar in the Civil War and I think he knew what he was fighting for. I don't remember him very well—he was taken away in 1936, one of the first—but after my mother's death I found his letters. I read them and I don't think that people of my generation have any right to talk loosely of those times. We can and must each decide for himself. That's all that is left for us, all that we are in a position to do, but it's quite enough. Too much, in fact.

I not only didn't want to but couldn't kill anyone. But others might want to and might be able to. And their victim might be me, Anatole Kartsev! Just as on the day of my last meeting with Zoya, I again thought about my enemies. That one couldn't. That one might

want to but would be afraid. That one might try with a stone or a brick from around the corner. Who else, who else was there? No, that one wasn't an enemy of mine. Not an enemy? How did I know? Perhaps he was! And anyway, why should my enemies be the only ones



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who might kill me? Any passerby, any drunk or crazy fool might shoot me in the face just to see me thrash my legs about in agony. Spilling my life onto the sidewalk. My nose getting sharper, cheeks hollowing, and

jaw dropping. My eyes coming through the hole in my skull, my arms, my words, my silence, my sea, my sand, my women, my clumsy poetry . . .

Damn it! To hell with it! I can't let them kill me. I must go on living. I will hide, barricade myself in; I'll spend the day at home. I don't want to die. I don't want to! Never speak evil of the living.

Stop! I must get a grip on myself. I must calm down. I'll buy some food the night before and won't go out at all on Sunday. I'll lie on my bed and read Anatole France. I like Anatole France very much. *Penguin Island, Revolt of the Angels.* There's also *Anatole France in a Dressing Gown.* Whenever I spent the night with Zoya, she used to make me put on Paul's dressing gown and was terribly amused. At that time I didn't know why it pleased her so much, but I do now. She was imagining that she had become a widow and married me. I wonder how she intended to kill Paul. She was going to stay home on Sunday. The neighbors would also be there. Of course, people might break into my apartment. The front door would have to be secured. I would steal a crowbar from a building site nearby and bar the door. Hit them on the head with the crowbar. If they broke in, I would hit them with the crowbar like dogs. I was recently at a dog show. I very much liked the Borzois with their long narrow heads like dueling pistols. Would I be able to fight a duel? Pushkin's bullet hit one of D'Anthes' buttons. If I go out on Sunday, I'll have to put a cigarette case in the inside pocket of my jacket on the left where the heart is. *On the Left Where the Heart Is* is a novel by Leongrad Frank, a very boring one. But Bruno Frank is quite different; he wrote a book about Cervantes. And what would Don Quixote have done on August 10? He would have ridden to Moscow on his Rosinante and interceded for everyone. On his own personal Rosinante. An eccentric with a copper bowl on his head, he would have ridden across Red Square, ready to break his lance in the name of the Beautiful Lady, in the name of Russia. On the Moscow streets of 1960 the poor knight would have sought his friend and fellow thinker—the Ukrainian boy who had once sung of Granada. But the marks of the lances are now covered over with cobblestones, and the holes made in the ground by the staffs of regimental banners are filled with asphalt. He would not find anyone, this visionary from La Mancha, no one! That much I know for certain. Who are the people who would follow Don Quixote? Margulis? Igor? No, no; if they fight at all, it's only for themselves. Each fights for himself, each decides for himself. Wait a moment. Who was it said recently, "We must each decide for himself!" Yes, it was I who said it; why have I taken it on myself to judge others? Are they better than I? Am I better than they?

I JUMPED UP from the bed and looked with disgust at the pillow still indented from my head. Was it I who had been lying there? Was it I who had wanted to stock up with grub and bar the door? Was it I shaking like jelly in fear for my precious skin? Was it I who nearly dirtied his pants with fright? So what good am *I*, I with my splendid passion for unmasking and despising others, with my stinking detachment? Pontius Pilate, betraying his own soul every day—what good am *I*?

Yes, everyone answers for himself. But for himself, and not for the person other people want to make you. I answer for myself, and not for a potential self-seeker, police spy, chauvinist, or coward. I cannot let them kill me and thereby save their own lives.

Wait, though: what shall I do? I'll go out into the street tomorrow and shout: "Citizens, don't kill each other! Love your neighbor!" And what will that bring? Whom will I help? Whom will I save? I don't know, I don't know at all. I may perhaps save myself, if it's not too late.

ON AUGUST 10 I got up at eight o'clock. I shaved, had breakfast, and read a little. No matter what I started doing, I kept thinking that I ought to go out of the house because of the loudspeakers blaring stirring marches outside, and the cats sauntering in zigzags across the roadway, delighted by the sudden dearth of people, and also because of the fact that my neighbors didn't go to the kitchen or the toilet but did everything in their own rooms.

At about eleven o'clock I got dressed, put the cigarette case in my

inside pocket as I had planned, and went out onto the landing.

I walked down the stairs slowly and noiselessly, so that when I bumped into my neighbor from the third floor on a landing, it was a surprise for both of us. She gave a scream; her net shopping bag full of bottles flew aside and hit against the banister. There was the sound of breaking glass, and yogurt poured out onto the landing through the mesh of the bag. The woman slipped in a thick pool of yogurt and sat down heavily on the stairs with a gasp. I ran to help her. Then she let out a second scream and, closing her eyes, feebly began pushing me away with trembling hands.



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"Tolya, Tolya," she burbled. "I used to hold you . . . in my arms . . . when you were small . . . Your mother . . . Tolya! . . ."

"Anna Filippovna, what's the matter? There's broken glass here, you'll cut yourself!"

She opened her eyes and slowly raised her leaden face toward me.

"Tolya," she said, "I . . . I . . . thought . . . I bought the yogurt for my granddaughter . . . Oh, Tolya!"

And she burst into tears. Her heavy, swollen sixty-year-old body shook. I helped her up and picked up the bag.

"Zina is sick and Boris is away on a business trip, that's why I went to get the yogurt. . . ."

Zina, her daughter, who had been in the same class at school as I, came running down from the third floor in an unfastened dressing gown.

"Mamma! What's the matter? What have they done?"

"Nothing, Zina, nothing. I fell down. . . ."

"But I told you . . ." began Zina.

"Zina, take your mother home and I'll go for the yogurt."

I took the long, yogurt-soaked loaves of bread out of the bag and gave them to Zina.

"Tolya, what about the money?"

WHEN I had cleaned up the yogurt and gone into the street again, it was even hotter, as steamy as before a storm, and I carried my jacket on my arm, forgetting about the protective cigarette case. I felt very upset; I kept seeing the cadaverous face of the woman from the third floor and hearing her incoherent and desperate babbling: "Tolya, Tolya!"

I went along Nikitsky Boulevard. It was the same as ever—cheerful, neat, and tidy, and covered with the tiny shadows of leaves, like a dappled horse. Except that today there were no children. Teen-age boys in shirts with rolled-up sleeves lounged on benches, spitting over their shoulders onto the grass, and an elderly man was going down the path through the middle, arrogantly sticking out his chin and leading an enormous unmuzzled dog on a leash.

When I reached Arbat Square, I saw people running. They were hurrying somewhere behind the old subway station, but I couldn't see exactly where: the movie theater was in the way. I ran across the street and pushed through the crowd.

On the ground a man lay with his head to the wall. He was lying slumped to the side, with one leg bent at the knee and his arms spread out. A red stain had spread over his shirt, a white one from Vietnam; I have one too—my sister bought it for me in the spring. He was absolutely motionless and the sun was reflected in the narrow toes of his fashionable shoes. Somehow I didn't realize at first that the man was dead, but when I did, a chill ran down my spine. His head was almost resting against the frame of a poster that showed a dashing black-and-white dancer announcing a ten-day exhibition of Ossetian art and literature. Next to it hung a tattered Polytechnic Museum notice: "G. S. Gornfeld, Economist, will give a lecture on 'Planning and Organization of Labor in Industry . . .'" The rest was torn off.

The onlookers were quietly exchanging comments:

"He's only a kid."

"Perhaps he's still alive?"

"Of course not! He's dead. I held a mirror to his mouth, this one from my bag."

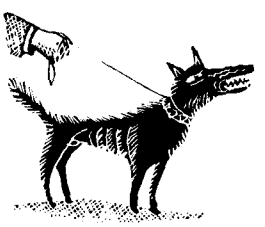
"But who did it?"

"The woman selling flowers says that a tall, tanned fellow came up to him and shot him. He called to him, and when the boy turned around, he shot him."

"Who turned around?"

"Heavens, the dead boy, of course."

"And would you believe it, not a militiaman in sight!"



"They're always around when they're not needed."

"Wait a minute, mister, what has the militia got to do with it?"

"What do you mean? A man has been killed!"

"So what?"

"God, you young fool! A man has been killed, I tell you!"

"Go easy, mister. Who you kidding? Don't you read the papers? Today it's allowed!"

"Don't raise your voice, young man, in the presence of the dead. Newspapers are newspapers, but there's such a thing as conscience."

"You're holding the wrong end of the stick, mister. Do you think that conscience and a government decree are two different things? If I were you, I'd stop that kind of talk!"

"You'd better get out of here, young man, before I bash your head in."

"He's really got some fight in him, that old man!"

"We ought to chase the flies off the body, it looks bad."

"All this means, folks, is that a hoodlum goes and does someone in like this and nothing will happen to him!"

"You should read the papers, lady. It says: 'Free extermination.' Don't worry. They'll kill the ones that deserve it, and that's all."

"And who deserves it?"

"They know over there who deserves it. They don't issue decrees for nothing."

"His clothes may be stolen. His shoes . . ."

"Looting is forbidden. This is a government matter."

I PUSHED my way out of the crowd. I don't remember now where I wandered, how many streets and squares I walked through, or how I reached Red Square.

I went right up to the Mausoleum. The bulging, rectangular, boxlike square was filled right up to the roofs and domes with the dense and palpable veneration of many centuries. The bare concrete rows of parallel grandstands, the three-tiered cubes of the tomb, the right angles of the low parapet, the wall with its unsophisticated double-toothed battlements—this whole pattern which was familiar to me and loved by me from childhood, from the cradle, immutable and uncompromising, like a drawing in a geometrical theorem, suddenly impinged upon my mind, heart, and soul. We are given an idea; we are asked to prove the implementation. And the geometricians, hardened by their zeal, keep drawing and drawing, resting the paper on the backs of people bowed before them, keep drawing



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and do not notice, or do not want to notice, that the paper is torn, that the pencil is broken, that it has turned into a scourge that makes furrows in the skin and the flesh. Stop! We cannot go on, we cannot pay this price! They are people, after all. He did not want it—he who was the first to lie behind these marble walls.

Someone pushed me over. I fell, and before I could get up again a man had thrown himself on top of me. He gripped me by the throat, but I jerked back my head and freed my neck. We rolled about, hitting our heads against the cobblestones, clinging to each other and vainly trying to get a hold on the slippery, recently washed stone with our feet. I glimpsed the blue sky, the vivid colors of St. Basil's Cathedral, the red marble of the Tomb, and two motionless statues with rifles, guarding the corpses. We rolled over to the feet of the sentries, where I was finally able to push him away by thrusting my knee in his stomach. He let go and I jumped up, stumbled, and stepped on a sentry's foot. My adversary also jumped up and I punched him in the jaw, once and then once more. He fell down again, crawled a little, tried to get up, but his arms were too weak and he sat sprawled against the Mausoleum. Spitting blood, he rasped:

"Go on, then, kill me!"

I picked up my jacket lying on the parapet and said, breathing hard, "You son of a bitch!"

He replied: "It was for the Motherland."

I glanced around at the sentries. They were standing just as motionless as three minutes before, except that one of them, squinting downward, was staring at the dusty mark left by my heel on his polished boot.

I went home.

I celebrated the anniversary of the October Revolution in the same company. After long discussion it was decided to get together at Zoya and Paul's place: they had a separate two-room apartment, a tape recorder with recordings by émigré singers, and lots of spare plates—in other words, the women decided it would be best to go there.

When I was told the party was going to be held at their place, I decided I wouldn't go, but then, then I thought: "Why the hell shouldn't I, after all? They are my friends, the food there is good, and as to what I know about Zoya, we can pretend that I don't know anything."

I wasn't quite certain if Zoya cared whether or not I went, so I told Lilya that I still didn't know if I was going out at all that day, that I wasn't in a very good mood and that Zoya should call me the night before—by then, I would know for certain. In my own mind I had decided what I would say and do during the conversation.

And Zoya telephoned me.

She greeted me as though nothing had happened, asked about my health and whether I planned to come. She talked to me and I answered her and heard her breathe into the mouthpiece of the telephone. She said:

"Please come, Tolya. I very much want you to. I'll expect you. If you don't come, you'll spoil my holiday."

I said into the phone:

"If I come, Zoya, I won't come alone."

"Who will you be with?"

"You don't know her," I said.

Zoya paused for a fraction of a second and then said:

"Well, of course, come with anyone you want; you know we'll all be glad to meet your friends."

"You don't know her," I said. That was the honest truth: I didn't know myself whom I was thinking of.

And we hung up.

In my mind I went through all the women I knew, the unmarried ones, naturally. There were quite a few of them, but the trouble was that they might interpret the invitation in quite the wrong way; and I didn't have the slightest desire to get involved in any new affairs. Perhaps I ought to go alone? Then I suddenly felt childishly spiteful and decided that at all costs I must prove to Zoya that I didn't give a damn about her. I decided to call Svetlana. She worked as an artist in our publishing house. She was twenty-three, very pretty, obviously interested in me, and unassuming enough not to get any wild ideas. She was very pleased when I invited her, but then became coy and said she would feel awkward because she didn't know anyone, and she "just wasn't sure . . ."

"Nonsense, Svetlana," I said. "They're all very nice people, as long as you're not worried by their getting tight and singing rude songs, and perhaps using swear words. . . . Anyway, I'll wait for you tomorrow at nine-thirty at the corner of Stoleshinkov Street where the bookshop is."

WHEN WE ARRIVED, they had all been at the table for some time. The bottles were a third empty, the

men had taken off their coats, and someone was already dying to sing. But the festive atmosphere had not yet been spoiled: cigarette butts were not yet sticking up from the plates and people were still drinking out of their own wineglasses.

When we walked in they all began to chatter loudly and happily, and looked hard at Svetlana.

"This is Svetlana," I said. "I hope you'll be good friends."

"Svetlana dear, come over here," crooned Lilya. "These men have got completely out of hand; they eat and drink and pay no attention to us. But we can't do without them, can we?"

"You can't do without us!" Paul roared with laughter. "We . . ."

"Svetlana, here's your glass." Igor poured her some dry wine. "Maybe you'd like some brandy? I won't dare offer you vodka."

"No. No thank you, really not," said Svetlana with a forced smile.

"Tolya, where have you been?



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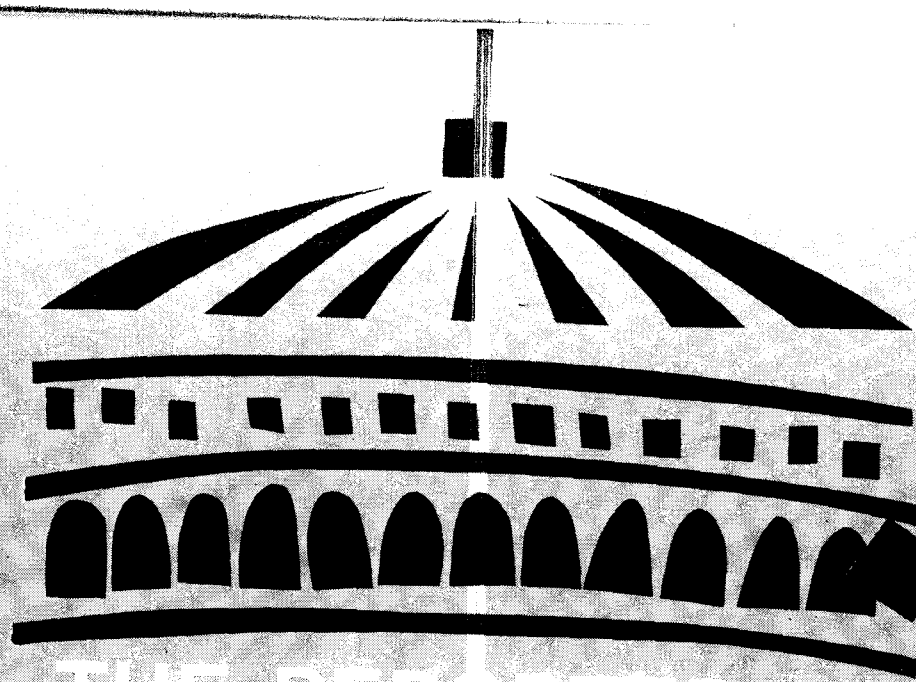

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Why haven't you been to see us? Misha keeps asking, 'Where's Uncle Tolya? When is he coming to see us?'" Emma, Volodya's wife, rested her bosom on the table and rounded her mouth and eyes, imitating her son. As always, she was dressed loudly and without taste.

"You all right?" Zoya handed me a glass of vodka.

"All right," I answered.

"Good health! Good health, you late-comers!" Paul leaned across the table to clink glasses with me. "I was afraid that you wouldn't come. Zoya and I . . ."

"Paulie, you're spilling your drink."

"Sorry, my dear. Zoya and I . . ."

"Paul, pass the salad, please."

"Zoya and I . . . Why don't you let me finish what I'm saying?"

"I just wanted to ask you to pour me some wine too."

The noise was increasing. There was now no longer any general conversation. Igor was flirting with Svetlana for all he was worth; Lilya, jumping up from her chair, now had her arm around a tall young man whom everybody called Yura the Geologist; Volodya was already reading aloud some verse by a fashionable young poet, bad verse with sloppy rhymes like dangling shoelaces. He was being baited by a sharp-nosed girl who called out that the poet was a hack and that his poetry was worthless.

"A hack, maybe, but what about his civic courage?" shouted Volodya. "Worthless, maybe, but *Komsomol Pravda* attacks him!"[4]

Everyone was having fun. Paul started to set up the tape recorder. Emma was eating her salad. Yura the Geologist was saying, "We're so unused to mayonnaise." I drank down three glasses and for some reason got mad.

"Listen, friends!" I said, shouting above the din of the party. "You know how I love you all dearly!"

"Tolya!"

"Tol-ya!"

"Its terribly stupid of us to get together so seldom," I continued. "When was the last time we met?"

"The last time?"

"Yes indeed, when was it?"

"I know!" shouted Lilya. "The last time we met was at our *dacha!* When they announced Public Murder Day!"

Everyone suddenly quieted. Even the tape recorder, which had just begun playing, stopped with a squeak. Emma alone continued

speaking, by sheer force of inertia: "And they've organized hot lunches in our school . . ."

But glancing around at the silent faces, she too fell silent. The pause went on and on, and became embarrassing.

"Yes indeed," said Igor, "so much time has passed since then, so many events, August 10 . . ."

"Zoya and I," Paul shouted, "Zoya and I had a quiet day. We watched television and had the tape recorder. The next day at work they asked me . . ."

THEY ALL suddenly came to life: ". . . and I told him, 'You'll be the first person I'll club to death, you son of a . . . ,' and I told him what I thought of him! . . ."

"In Odessa some crooks got hold of the chief of police. He was in uniform, of course. So you know what they did? They made him put on some old rags and then let him go. Do you see, they let him go! Then they ran after him and finished him off! They were tried later on."

"Well? Well?"

"They were convicted of robbery!"

"Listen, listen to what happened in the writers' colony at Peredelkino! Kochetov[5] hired himself a bodyguard of thugs from outside Moscow. He gave them food and drink, of course. And some other writers also hired people—you know why? To get rid of Kochetov!"

"Well, and what happened?"

"What happened! There was a fight, that's what happened. The thugs fought each other!"

"Listen, does anybody know how many victims there were?"

"Not many in the Russian Republic: seven or eight hundred, maybe a thousand. A man in the Central Statistical Bureau told me."

"So few? That can't be right!"

"It is right, it is right. They broadcast the same figures. The foreign radio, of course."

"What a slaughter there was! The Georgians went for the Armenians, the Armenians went for the Azerbaijanians."

"Yes, in the High Karabakh. That's an Armenian region."

"And what about in Central Asia? I bet there was quite a lot of fighting there."

"No, there was no fighting among themselves there. They killed all the Russians."

"Have you read the letter from the Central Committee?"

"Yes!"

"No, we haven't! Tell us about it."

"First, the Ukraine. There the Decree was taken as a directive. And what a mess they made of it! Teams of young Communist activists were given blacklists. Well, the word got around right away about the lists. You couldn't keep a thing like that secret. And so the special teams had nothing to do. All those on the list decamped. So the whole thing was a fiasco. Not only that, but the Central Committee has tossed our fourteen regional-committee and two area-committee secretaries for cheapening a great political idea and overdoing things."

"Really?"

"It's absolutely true. But in the Baltic states no one was killed."

"What, no one killed?"

"No, no one."

"But that's a provocation!"

"It certainly is! They ignored the Decree, and that's that. The Central Committee letter mentions the inadequacy of political-educational work in the Baltic states. They've also fired someone there."

". . . running along the street, shouting and firing! Bursts of

(4) The implication being that he must be good if he is denounced in the press.

(5) The neo-Stalinist writer Vsevolod Kochetov, author of the novel *The Brothers Yershov*, which is an attack, with anti-Semitic undertones, on the liberal-minded Soviet intelligentsia.



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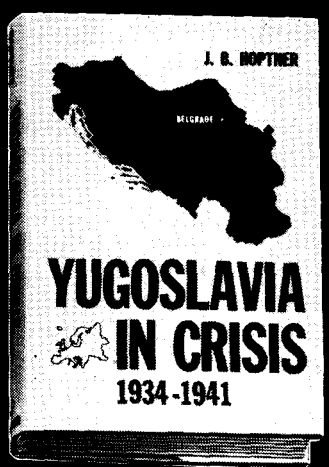


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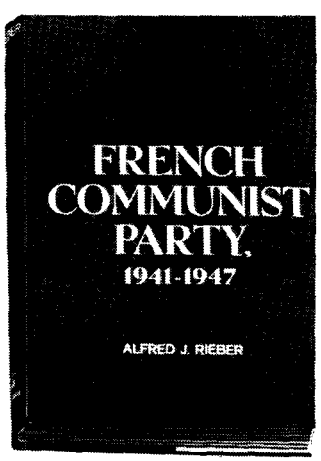


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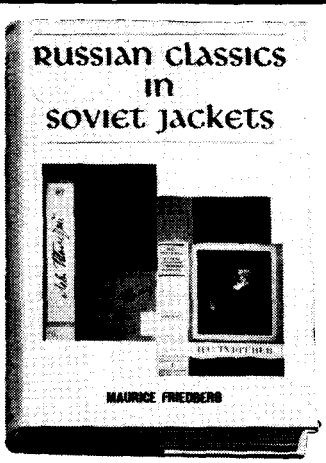


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machine-gun fire at the windows! Where did he get the machine gun from? He teaches at the Aviation Institute . . ."

"We locked the door, lowered the blinds, and played chess . . ."

"I said to him: 'Don't dare, think of the children!' But he said, 'I'm going outside!' He was even grinding his teeth. Mish was crying. I

only just managed to talk him out of it . . ."

"There's an article in *Izvestia* by what's her name, Elena Kononenko. On the educational importance of the Day for young people. She somehow tied it up with the polytechnization and the virgin lands . . ."

"You should have seen the cartoon in *Krokodil!* The guy is lying down . . ."

"The only thing Zoya and I regret is that we didn't have any friends around. Things would have been a bit more cheerful . . ."

IT'S OVER, it's over, it's over! These unspoken words burst through the anecdotes, through the nervous laughter, through the digs at the government. It was the first time since Public Murder Day that I had heard people talking about what had happened. Until that moment, whenever I had raised the subject, people had looked at me rather oddly and changed the conversation. Now and then I found myself thinking a weird thought: "Maybe I dreamed it all?" But now it's over! And now we're celebrating the forty-third anniversary of the Great October Socialist Revolution!

The four of us, Svetlana, Zoya, Volodya, and I, kept silent while the whirlwind of impressions, reports, rumors, and facts went around and around, hung in the air like a bright rainbow, and splashed the beige wallpaper with foam:

"Everything was peaceful and quiet on our expedition. We couldn't do anything—there was dense forest all around us. If it's him today, then it's your turn tomorrow . . ."

"Our neighbor committed suicide at dawn. He was a quiet old man, a waiter in the Prague Restaurant . . ."

"I couldn't sleep the whole night, I kept thinking I heard someone scraping . . ."

I recalled that on the night of August 10 I had gone out and seen two sanitation trucks moving along the Sadovaya Road; they covered a broad front, and spurting out jets of water, kept washing and washing the roadway and sidewalks. . . .

Catching Svetlana's eye, I silently motioned toward the door. She went out, and a moment later I followed. It was cozy and quiet in the kitchen.

"Well, Svetlana, do you like it?"

"I don't understand, Tolya. At first they were all really very nice, but then when they began talking about that . . . Why are they so pleased about it?"

"They're pleased that they're still alive, Svetlana."

"But they all hid! They've been . . ." Svetlana broke off, looking for the right word. "It was terror!"

"Terror?" I took hold of her by the shoulders. "Svetlana, do you realize . . . ?"

No, she didn't. She didn't know that this one word of hers had answered the question that millions of bewildered people had been asking themselves and each other. She didn't know, this girl, that she was now the match for our great men of state—those watchful guardians of the peoples—that she was now up to the standard of the papers wisely rustling in their darkened private offices, the discreet and respectful words murmured by their advisers—the whole thing that is solemnly called Power with a capital "P." She thought she had spoken this word to me alone, but she had inadvertently thrown it in the faces of huge government buildings, confronting the miles of black-and-white newsprint that crisscross the country every day. She had challenged unanimous opinions of general meetings, and all the diabolic clatter of tanks that carry the gaping muzzles of guns to ceremonial parades.

I kissed her and said: "Svetlana, that's enough of that. I want to kiss you, I've been wanting to for a long time. Haven't you noticed?"

And so, having seen Svetlana home, I return to my room. I go along familiar streets, along lanes which I walk through blindfold. Luxurious lampshades like crinolines show pink through tulle curtains. Young lovers linger in doorways and cannot bring themselves to part. The stone statue of Timiryazev[6] is thoughtful, as thoughtful as the finger placed against his forehead. A radio is blaring somewhere; there is a squeal of brakes from a car; groups of happy people returning home from parties, like me, are making a lot of noise. Somewhere in their rooms, people sit muttering swear words, poems, and declarations of love.

THIS IS Moscow speaking. I go along the street, along the quiet boulevard, feeling my notebook in my pocket and thinking about what I have written. I think that what I have written could have been written by any other man of my generation or of my destiny, who loves this damned, this beautiful country just as much as I do. I have judged it and its people; I have judged myself both more severely and less severely than I should have done. But who will reproach me for that?

I go along and say to myself: "This is your world, your life, and you are a cell, a particle of it. You should not allow yourself to be terrorized. You should answer for yourself, and you thereby answer for others." And the endless streets and squares, embankments and trees, and the dreamy steamships of houses, sailing like a gigantic convoy into obscurity, answer me with a low hum of unconscious assent and surprised approval.

This is Moscow speaking.

(6) A Russian botanist (1843-1920), much honored in the Soviet Union.



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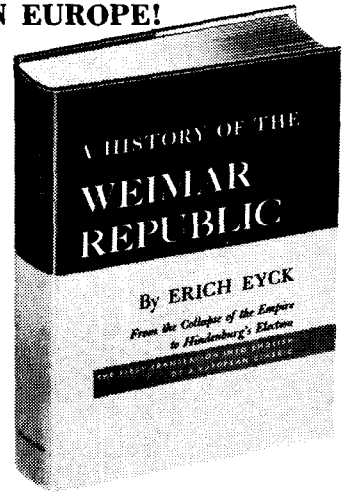


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# The Intruders

**MARYA MANNES**

A COMMENTATOR suspends his latest news of doom to let a professional actor sell a cigarette. A country motorist shares the presence of trees with a motel billboard and the sight of a fine colonial façade with a gas station. In every subway, the readers of tabloids turn over twelve pages of merchandise to find one paragraph of print. In city nights, stars are dimmed by electric signs, and in a million rooms, a beer jingle and a problem in math compete for a boy's attention. All these juxtapositions have one thing in common: distraction, or the impingement of secondary purposes on primary experiences. It may be argued that Americans are so used to this clutter of commerce in their daily lives that such distractions don't bother us. Presumably we have come to accept them as a necessary, if not always pleasing, corollary to good business. It is the price we pay for our newsprint, our television, our information, and our entertainment.

But it can also be argued that the price has become too high. We are distracted more than we know, affected more than we think. This sustained confusion of sights and messages may have become also a confusion of values that is in the end corrupting. How far, in short, can you mix business with pleasure without ultimately harming both? It is a question which our mass magazines in particular had better ask themselves and which this particular reader suspects is at the root of their troubles. In their ferocious competition for advertising space, they may find themselves gaining revenue but losing readers. Can you be equally magazine and market, or is there a point at which the market is more than the magazine?

IN AN ATTEMPT to find out for myself, I decided to examine *Life*, not because it was unique—the big women's magazines, *Look*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, even the *New Yorker* share many of its problems—but because it seemed to me to typify more clearly than these the steady deterioration in reader interest brought about by the quantity and quality of advertising.

I started this examination with an issue that appeared during the first year of *Life's* existence, on January 4, 1937. It contained sixty-eight pages, of which fifty-nine were editorial. The body of the magazine consisted of forty-nine editorial pages without any advertising whatsoever, the subjects being the Netherlands royal family, sports, racing, the Metropolitan Opera opening, the Roosevelt administration (sixteen pages), Maillol, the Camera

Overseas, Ribbentrop, the French and Germans, the Cubans, and the Danes.

It was a strange, long-forgotten experience to turn over page after page, uninterrupted by extraneous matter, of photographs and captions. The pictures looked gray and showed little of the technical brillance and dramatic selection that characterize the best of *Life* photography, the layouts were unadventurous by current standards; yet it was not hard to remember the excitement then engendered by this new form—like an arrested movie—of journalism. What emerged with startling clarity, moreover, was that this was a magazine and not a market. What was solicited was the reader's interest in a story or event, and nothing was presented to distract his attention from them, except, I remember noting, one full-page ad for a Plymouth at the front of the issue, a half-page for Del Monte canned fruit, and a *Time* house ad at the back. By the end of 1937, *Life* had a circulation of 1,384,000 and an advertising revenue of some $4.4 million. Twenty-four years later, by the end of 1961, *Life's* circulation had risen to nearly seven million copies, its advertising revenue to over $138 million. The formula that originated this revolution in publishing would have seemed, therefore, to work. Yet it has not worked for me.

IN THE ISSUE of May 25, 1962, for instance, five two-page spreads are devoted to a feature on the private papers, recently released, of one of this nation's most illustrious men, John Adams. Illustrated by superb color photographs and small black-and-white prints in a layout of dignity and balance, it is a prime example of the best in pictorial journalism, feeding both the eye and the mind, making past and present living.

Following these two-page spreads is a single-page color photograph, magnificent in sunlit tones and tranquil mood, of the chair in Adams's study where he is said to have died. This page faces a huge ad in primary colors of a grinning young couple holding a bottle, a golf club, and a golf score, the copy reading, "Now it's Pepsi—for those who *think young*." Turning this over, a full page of Adams in text with one small print faces a full-page ad in violent red and yellow: "Buick Introduces Torrid New Luxury Sports Car! First with the Sure-Footed Sock of Advanced Thrust!" Next comes a black-and-white two-page spread about how "you live better electrically." Further on, two columns of Adams text, including paragraphs grouped under a subhead "The Fourth of July" (the Golden Jubilee, in 1826, of the signing of the Declaration of Independence and the day that both



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Adams and Jefferson died), are faced with a full-page bleed photograph of a contemporary Fourth of July small-town scene, uniformed school band and all. It looks editorial but a line at the bottom discloses it as a Polaroid Camera ad.

At one point in the feature there are two broad columns of text in which the old Adams writes the old Jefferson, "You and I ought not to die, before we have explained ourselves to each other." His words are flanked on either side by two huge male walking feet in shoes and socks (by Esquire). The caption of the left foot (formal sock and shoe) is "Don't mix business . . . ," and the caption of the right foot (casual sock and loafer) is "with pleasure." As far as I am concerned, no single juxtaposition of editorial and advertising matter could indicate more clearly, in word and picture, how much business has indeed mixed with pleasure even if it is only my pleasure.

FOR I find the *Life* of 1937, when the ratio of advertising to editorial matter was six per cent, infinitely more interesting and enjoyable than the *Life* of 1962, when the ratio is fifty per cent. The years between have seen a steady diminution of purely editorial spreads, an increased interruption of editorial matter by two-page-spread ads, and a much greater increase of editorial text as an accommodation for advertising matter. Two decades ago, *Life* told its stories in pictures; now text is a full partner.

Since the amount of advertising in a publication is a measure of the breadth of its editorial appeal, this increase alone should present no problem to readers long conditioned to this fact of life in a free and competitive economy. They might have a little more trouble finding their favorite features or following a specific story, they might grumble at the increased bulk, but so long as the separation of telling and selling was clear, so long as the advertising did not compete with, affect, or impinge upon the editorial matter, this equal sharing of space was—well—an index of success.

But were the two really separated? To those who think of influence only as the direct interference of advertising interests in editorial policy or copy, the answer would be yes. Provable instances in reputable magazines of advertisers telling editors what to put in or take out, how to handle a story or temper an attitude, are rare, although cases of omission—not printing a story because it might lose certain accounts—may be more frequent even though less provable. What we are treating of here is rather the effect of quantity advertising on the quality of a magazine, on its physical appearance, and on the attention and interest of the readers.

There are two major ways in which advertising does impinge on

and affect editorial material: at the one extreme it is difficult at first glance to tell what is a feature and what is an ad; at the other, incongruous advertising is jarringly juxtaposed with editorial matter.

Cases of confusing similarity between editorial material and advertising layouts were already to be found in *Life* in 1942. In the January 5 issue of that year there was an example typical of what later became a widespread practice in its pages. A two-page spread using editorial phototechniques, layout, and type was titled "Behind the Scenes in a Huge Bomber Plant." The captions informed us that it was Glenn Martin, but it was not until the end that the reader in search of a story found instead a plug for the Voicewriter Ediphone used in the plant—and paying for these pages.

The confusion worked the other way around too. You saw a full-page photograph, say, of a family at dinner, and although the caption concerned the life of a Midwestern farmer, you looked instinctively for the brand name of a food product.

If this kind of confusion has lessened in recent years, it is not so much because of an indignant readership or editorial resistance as the switch to a harder sell. The way to get a reader was not to lure him gently by making the transition from reader to consumer so muted as to be painless; it was to hit him between the eyes. To play strong color against black-and-white, type brazenly different from editorial type—this was, and is, the new way: contrast rather than confusion. It could be, and doubtless has been, argued that this is the "ethical" way: to keep advertising and editorial unmistakably different and therefore separate. But what has actually happened in the picture magazines and in *Life* especially is that such violent juxtapositions often hurt the editorial side by reducing the impact of the photograph, diminishing the meaning of the text by incongruous context, and by sheer visual ugliness nibbling away at the reader's pleasure in the magazine as a whole. It is a further irony that the more brilliant and sometimes beautiful the pictures by the *Life* photographers become, the more the blatant and primitive commercialism of the ads harms or nullifies their efforts.

LOOK WITH ME at the June 1 issue of this year, for instance. These things face each other: the text of the trial and conviction of Raoul Salan, with all its shame, tension, and horror, is opposed by a full-page color photograph for Newport cigarettes showing a beaming pair on a rock in a blue lake on which a king-size pack floats by. It is a loud, garish, and silly ad from which the eye cannot escape. Further on, a piece on Ambassador Reischauer in Japan is squeezed in an eight-page ad-plus-editorial layout of unparalleled ugliness. At the top of one page four Zengakuren students, their



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features stretched in hostility, are chanting protests against the resumption of U.S. nuclear tests. Directly below them is the inevitably grinning All-American young man holding up a dozen cans of Budweiser beer against a bright orange background and urging the reader to Pick a Pair. This one-page jumble is in turn faced by a full-page ad for Scripto pens. On the following two pages, our ambassador to the Japanese ("I have to approach [Japanese students] as a scholar, not just as a mouthpiece for the American position") has to compete in face and in words with another orange Budweiser pitch (this time by a girl) and a full-page Chevrolet ad. The whole thing constitutes some kind of American "position" that he might have some difficulty explaining in scholarly terms.

In other random issues during the last ten years we have Isaac Stern and Leonard Bernstein wedged between Borden's cow Elsie and a little girl using a Sylvania iron, a full-page Tareyton color ad facing the crash of a DC 8 jet, and a photograph of Pasternak's funeral, with his beloved Olga kissing the poet's dead brow, facing an ad for the Commercial Banks, U.S., in which a fellow is hamming in amateur theatricals. A magnificent full-page photograph of Etruscan tomb figures faces a cola-and-rum ad; a subtle and lovely Degas-like color photograph of a ballet is nullified by a full-page bowl of tomato soup. James Agee is sandwiched between Falling Hair, Tums, and Choco Cherry Spumoni; Sir Charles Snow is squeezed between constipation and valentines, Professor Tizard between colored fruits and glue. Hurricane waves lashing at a Texas tower, which they ultimately destroyed along with its crew, compete for attention with a smiling full-page goddess in Formfit girdle and bra.

AGAIN, these grotesque distractions are not confined to *Life*. *Look*, its closest rival, is sometimes as much of a hodgepodge, a supermarket in which a shelf of information, news, or sports is alternated with soups, dog food, cars, cigarettes, and beer. In a recent issue a page of serious text on children's education faces a girl dreaming she stopped them in their tracks in her Maidenform Bra (and red fringed pants); and another page, headed "A child will learn better the more often he is right," faces "Is it true . . . blondes have more fun?" with loving couples in living color. The opening spread of this feature seems a particularly unfortunate juxtaposition: over the inch-high type "Revolution in Education," a close-up of a boy's face peers over the top of a teaching machine at a huge platter of hamburgers glowing redly in Kraft Barbecue Sauce. What is more, only forty-four of *Look's* hundred pages are devoted purely to editorial matter, a very small percentage higher than *Life's* fifty-seven to 110. So why pick on *Life* in this question of confusion of values, of business at the expense of pleasure?

The answer lies, I think, in another kind of juxtaposition, a very basic one: between promise and performance, purpose and effect. If *Look* has a purpose other than to attract a wide range of lookers, it is carefully concealed from view. But *Life* has always had an Aim, which it has defined periodically since it was launched. Then it was "To see life; to see the world; to eyewitness great events; to watch the faces of the poor and the gestures of the proud . . . to see and take pleasure in seeing; to see and to be instructed." "The Show-Book of the World"—for that is what it called itself in its original prospectus—"takes for its field not all the news but all the news which now and hereafter can be seen; and *of these seen events it proposes to be the complete and reliable record.*" It promises also "to scour the world for the best pictures of every kind; to edit them with a feeling for visual form, for history and for drama; and to publish them on fine paper, every week, for a dime." Instruction, documentation, distinguished graphic innovation—these were the early goals; immediate news and lasting significance in pictorial terms for an audience assumed to be as intelligent as it was large. As time went on, more and more readers were taught more and more things. In between fraternity parties, sexy starlets, and playclothes, they learned the Epic of Man, the History of Art, the Civil War, the nature of the Land, the Sea, and the Universe, all in color with brisk and knowing text that made such things assimilable in two issues if not in one. Besides giving its readers such quantities of facts, *Life* taught them how to think, how to react, and how to vote, handing down a steady barrage of editorial counsel on political matters, national and international, and on cultural and moral problems of the day. In an issue this June, facing five different Snow Crop oranges ("This is Seedling. The bubbly type, with a bright sweet spirit"), the editorial says, "It's High Time to Blow the Whistle on Tito" and "We Must Act Now for Refugees [Chinese]."

NOW there is nothing wrong with a magazine wishing to improve its readers, or, for that matter, the world. Only a year ago, *Life's* publisher, C. D. Jackson, set forth a refurbished and even more comprehensive purpose called "The Aim of *Life*." After describing the changes that had occurred in the magazine's format—"You may also be aware of new groupings of the editorial and advertising pages to give more clarity to the pattern of the magazine, more space to *Life's* major stories"—he wrote, "We seek to strengthen *Life's* graphic presentation for one simple reason: we believe *Life* has increasingly important work to do."

This work, it turns out, is to (1) Win the Cold War and (2) Create a Better America. "Can a magazine presume to say it will help win the Cold War, help create a better America? I cannot presume otherwise." Presuming further that *Life* was already bringing "beauty and knowledge and understanding to receptive millions of Americans," Mr. Jackson stated that in the next twenty-five years the aim of *Life* was to be a great magazine of Events and Politics, a great magazine of History, a great magazine of Religion, a great magazine of Science and Nature, a great magazine of the Fine and Lively Arts, a great magazine of Sport and Adventure, a great magazine of Better Living . . . to help "the people of America recognize their deepest aspirations and work unceasingly towards fulfillment."

A noble program indeed. But is it compatible with an uncontrolled proliferation of advertising to the



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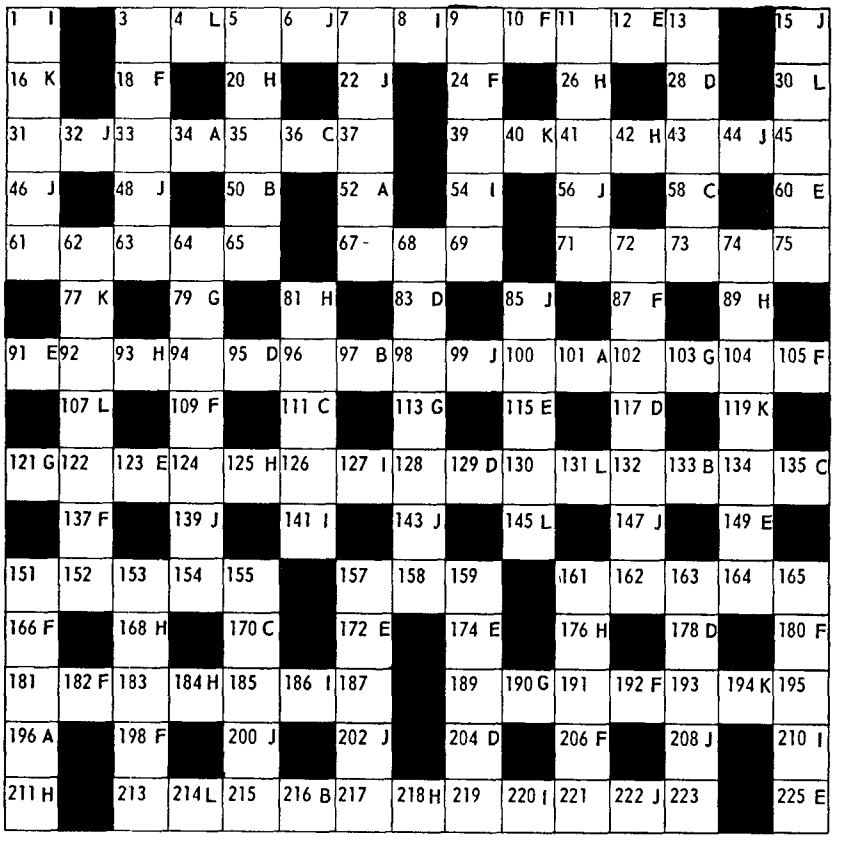
# THE REPORTER

## Acrostickler No. 60

by HENRY ALLEN




A. 101 34 196 52 A rake.

B. 97 216 50 133
"Quod di_____avertant." Cicero, "Philippics."

C. 58 170 111 36 135
"We press too close in church and mart
To keep a dream or_____apart."
E.B. Browning, "A Vision of Poets."

D. 204 129 95 178 117 83 28
Medieval moral fables.

E. 123 12 174 115 225 91 60 172 149
A famous beverage of Western Germany (5,4).

F. 24 10 180 105 109 206 18 137 192
166 87 198 182
What a shepherdess's cloak might be made of according to the pastoral poets (4,5,4).

G. 113 103 190 79 121 The source of rosbif.

H. 168 93 211 125 26 184 42 176 218 81 89 20
Queen of the Hawaiian Islands (1891-93).

I. 1 210 54 220 8 141 186 127
To think too highly or arrogantly.

J. 15 143 202 22 46 85 6 56 44 147 48
222 139 208 32 200 99
Organization headed by the Acrostician (6,6,5).

K. 16 40 77 194 119 A kind of jelly.

L. 131 107 30 214 4 145
Christian name of the author of "Pere Goriot."

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### ACROSS

3. Grows crews until they reach such tonnage? (5,6).
31. Is Vera in love? Not a bit. It's the other way around, so spin.
39. Perfume and an animal make another animal.
61. It takes a scientist and a rod to catch this fish.
67. A trap may be found in an epitaph for the departed.
71. Harden yourself. The wriggler has been canonized.
91. But can't the people who do this wear a colored shirt? (5,6,4).
121. A pound for a penny? Hardly, but it could be dollar for dollar in North America (7,8).
151. It is a labor of love to request permission. (3,2).
157. Possessive of part of explicit settings.
161. Selected among stockings.
181. Fooled with a penny and got very wet.
189. Get a century and one more for one of Chaucer's pilgrims.
213. Fred's morals are shown by such attire (6,5).

### DOWN

1. The giants of Frog Rest.
3. When this benefactor comes from 157 down, he isn't much use, proverbially.
5. I am on relief and mixed in it and thus well lubricated.
7. Brew when a price is thus.
9. A worker found in part of the golf course and about 2,000.
11. A ship and a tug mix it up and come to blows!
13. A garter or not a shield.
15. Adverb that undoes a farmer's work, I hear.
62. Collusion and cash, too!
64. It is stout we are, where men are men! (3,4).
68. With a bad disposition and badly twisted to boot! (3-4).
72. Flax road or canal road? (3,4).
74. Green as it is, it infuriates.
81. Place of confinement not made by iron bars, as the poet says (1,4).
85. Caned caper.
151. With fifty, it's legal; this way, it's terrible!
153. Find a gorge in a black loofah.
155. Command neatness.
157. A first-class din characterizes this land.
159. Is about on a Marxist and fathered him too.
161. A hiding place sounds valuable.
163. 157 across takes the Order of Merit and leaves out the rest.
165. A French schoolboy is almost eleven.

### DIRECTIONS

*1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.*
*2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.*
*3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.*

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tune of $138,189,000 a year? Can a magazine have its cake and eat it too? Down the aisles of the supermarket—the soups, the cars, the dog food, the bras, the cigarettes, the beers, and the wienies—*Life* pushes its cart of Moral and Spiritual Values, nudging its customers to lift their eyes to the hills while they reach for a Pepsi. As *Life* initiates them into the majesties of Rembrandt and the immortal attributes of art and beauty, it subjects them to a graphic nightmare of crass layouts of a blaring and brazen carnival of sales. As it urges Americans to think, to discriminate, to improve, as it appeals to the national intelligence, it permits this same intelligence to be abused week after week and page after page by banal and blatant appeals to the purse. As it claims to "strengthen *Life's* graphic presentation"—and it did indeed make a vain attempt in recent months to keep "islands" of editorial matter intact—it still seems unable to stem an ever-increasing encroachment of advertising matter that makes the magazine, in fact, a graphic mess.

AGAIN, the basic confusion of magazine with market is not confined to *Life* or even to picture magazines in general. The *New Yorker,* long noted for its independence from advertising pressures or incursions, has lost some of its most faithful adherents because the sheer bulk of advertising matter has caused the text of single articles to trickle down as many as thirty pages in a thin and seemingly endless column in the back of the magazine. Many an excellent story has gone unread for this reason only. For it is the good that suffers most. A profusion of ads, even ugly ads, cannot harm mediocre or trivial text any more than a tasteless television commercial harms a silly situation comedy. It is the fine photograph, the serious or subtle word, that is harmed by juxtaposition with the sales pitch. And it is the stated high purpose, the presumption of a magazine to educate its readers, that makes its truckling to the advertisers open to the sharpest questioning. If the supermarket is the victor, the reader is the victim. And once he is aware of that, the mass magazine is in trouble.

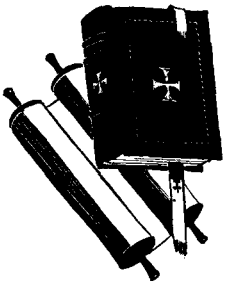
BOOKS

# The Vanity of Human Wishes

ALFRED KAZIN

LETTING GO, by Philip Roth. *Random House. $5.95.*

Since I have been finding it difficult to finish several of the heavily symbolic and portentous novels that have been making the news lately, I must admit that the sheer interest of Mr. Roth's big new book tempted me for many of its 630 pages to think it more important than it really is. For Mr. Roth is that rare bird among young American novelists nowadays—a born realist, observer, recorder, satirist. He has the natural, overspilling narrative fluency, the delight in social detail and in the ups and downs of American



character, that one associates with our most attentive novelists of social manners. He finds it as exciting to do an English Department cocktail party as Sinclair Lewis did a realtors' convention, and he rises to the child-dominated American home as Marquand did to a Harvard reunion.

Unlike these older writers, however, Mr. Roth has nothing lighthearted about him. He looks at life with all the innocence of a corsetiere surveying a middle-aged figure. *Going Home* is full of delicious little bits, set pieces, novelists' turns, that are so baleful, clipped, and sharp that the reader sits up, seized by intimations of a genuinely tragic point of view. Mr. Roth has not only trained himself extraordinarily well to see, to measure, and to get down, but he has also trained himself, just a little too modishly, not to say a word in defense of anything or anyone that experience cannot instantly justify. He is never extreme, only steadily and rather too deliberately cold—and the result is that while he so expertly gets things down, he also manages to get people down. He gets their number, he puts them away. Early in the book there is a giddily innocent young graduate student in Iowa City who, attracted to the narrator, Gabriel Wallach, says before moving in with him, "We can be as happy as kings," but first "I want to get my Breck and my Olivetti. I have an electric frying-pan. Electric cooks perfect eggs. Oh, I want to eat so many breakfasts here." But Gabe rids himself of so much idle pleasure, and when Mr. Roth gets going on his usual people, the humor is so disapproving and the people in their folly are summed up and filed away with so much exactness that I found myself admiring Mr. Roth's performances but finally not caring about any of his people at all.

MR. ROTH'S real concern is with the pretentiousness, strain, and cruelty of people trying to live by unfulfillable notions of themselves. The best things in his book invariably revolve around the fictions, the impossibly exalted ideas, the impossibly total satisfactions that people insist on, that people kill themselves to get. Human beings do not let themselves go, they do not ride with the basic confusion of existence; they try to plan and to corrupt and to scheme and to browbeat life into order that is only a cry in their minds. So Gabriel Wallach, whose dentist father in New York, recently bereaved, seeks from his son a total love and constant proximity, flees first to Iowa City and then to Chicago. Paul Herz, who is Jewish, and his wife Elizabeth, who is Catholic, find that both sets of parents hate them, and that even the wife's nominal conversion to Judaism cannot earn forgiveness



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from his parents. Gabe, trying to keep himself independent and controlled, discovers that he cannot order his life in any detail that involves significant passion; after moving in with the divorced Martha Reganhart and her two children, he realizes that he cannot restrict the terms of the relationship to his ideas or to hers. Nobody gets his desire, nobody's illusions go unremarked, nobody's folly is spared. Gabe's father has to accept the loss of his son and marries a widow he does not love; Gabe runs out on Martha, and finds even less happiness without her; Martha loses one of her children; Paul Herz, who has had to sacrifice to poverty all his literary and academic hopes, finds himself unreasonably at the bottom of despair. Perhaps only Libby Herz, who has from the start had to resign herself to physical debility and moral loneliness, and so has not hoped long and hard enough to be beaten back by life with the same force that has been spent on the other characters, realizes herself at all—as the foster mother of a little girl whose real mother, a married woman who had taken a lover, has been so reluctant to make the adoption legal that she has come close to depriving Libby of the baby that is the one victory of her life.

Since Mr. Roth's central subject varies from illusory human hope to the sheer absurdity of social pretense but somehow always presents the same image of a human being reaching for something that is not here, his book is full of different *kinds* of episodes illustrating the vanity of human wishes. There are purely satiric touches—the intellectually fashionable young chairman of the English Department "busy constructing a personality around a pipe"; Gabriel's father trying for a trim body and calm mind as a passing addict of Dr. Wilhelm Reich, Henry Wallace, and Yoga. Mr. Roth is predictably expert and exact on frantically conformist middle-class Jews who have no social past to go back to, who in a way have only their complicated ambitions to live for, and so light on the most grotesquely ill-assorted *things* as a proof of success. A young wife, deserted by her husband who under analysis has turned against her, telephones his family: " 'He left! Your brother left! He walked out! What did I do? What will I do? All this new silverware,' she cried. 'Please come somebody. *Help me*!' " Paul Herz's mother, outraged by the wedding of her *Wunderkind* to a Gentile girl, cries that "He could read the mileage off the speedometer before other kids could even talk. What's happening to my baby?"

This sense of the grotesque in people's ambitions, appetites, and illusions is what makes Mr. Roth's talent so vivid just now. He thinks in representational terms, in mimicry, character, and scene. Even when he is glib and mechanical, he keeps telling a story. Sometimes he turns a bit obviously superior, in a parvenu fashion not different from one he likes to satirize. He mimics a young Brooklyn matron, "the borough of her birth winding down through the faint arch of her nose," which is as "classy" as the lady herself. At times in this too long book, the writing gets self-consciously knowing, as if he were concerned not only with the contrast between the reach and the grasp but with demonstrating his own grasp of social forms. But generally, the fault is not unevenness or impatience: it is rather a too obstinate point of view, a lack of imaginative values. The result of Mr. Roth's unwearying disenchantment is that Gabriel Wallach's acceptance of his life, his "letting go" at the end, is felt as uncharacteristic and rhetorical. As one of Mr. Roth's characters might say, "Why should such an intellectual-type boy make such a mess? It's not possible!" And perhaps it isn't possible. One finishes this book with a kind of shock that so many fine touches, so many little triumphs of the realist's art, should make us feel not that life is tragic but that people are incoherent. This finally makes them uninteresting. If ever proof were needed that beyond a certain point it is not the imitation of life but point of view that makes a novel significant, *Letting Go* can furnish that proof. Mr. Roth has wit, honesty, courage, talent; but this book is limited by a pessimism that is really worldliness, and is no less sentimental than the kind of illusion at which it points the finger and which it seeks to avoid.

# A Defense Of Intervention

**BERTRAM B. JOHANSSON**

LATIN AMERICA BETWEEN THE EAGLE AND THE BEAR, by Salvador de Madariaga. *Praeger. $4.50.*

Back in the days when he represented the Spanish Republic at the League of Nations, Salvador de Madariaga was fond of relating a fable to his friends. He said it had been told him by an Englishman (apocryphally believed to be Winston Churchill) when Maxim Litvinov submitted a Russian disarmament proposal at Geneva. The fable, which apparently fascinated Señor de Madariaga so much that he has used two of the storied animals in the title to this volume, ran thus:

"A conference of the beasts once discussed the question of disarmament. The lion spoke first and looking at the eagle suggested the abolition of wings. The eagle turning to the bull asked for the suppression of horns. The bull in turn regarded the tiger and demanded the elimination of claws. It remained for the bear to speak and he proposed total abolition of every means of attack and defense so that he might take them all into his loving embrace."

It is essentially in the spirit of this lesson, and with a note of urgency, that Professor de Madariaga has written a scholarly but blunt warning about the rapidly growing strength of Communism in Latin America. He finds the region already disarmed by poverty, the disparity of classes, and unequal distribution of wealth, and gradually submitting to the Sino-Soviet embrace.

He traces the growth of Communism in Latin America from the moment a rich Indian, Manabendra Nath Roy, first entered Mexico City in 1918, set himself up in luxurious quarters, and began to organize the Latin-American Communist movement. And he carries his survey up to the present, when deluded rightitsts and conservatives co-operate politically with the Communists who



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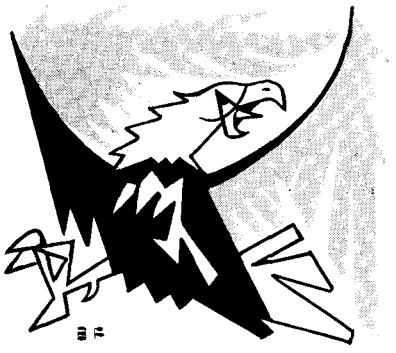
are simply waiting to take them into a "loving embrace."

De Madariaga employs his findings with precise logic to advocate the



collective liberation of Cuba from Fidel Castro's Marxism-Leninism by the Organization of American States. In urging intervention in Cuba, de Madariaga, though he well understands the Latin-American character and examines it here with utmost candor, is suggesting a course that is anathema to the highly individualistic and nationalistic Latin-American tradition of noninterference in the internal affairs of hemisphere nations. He is fully aware of this. He acknowledges the enduring traumatic effect of U.S. Marine landings in Nicaragua and in the Dominican Republic, and of intervention that led to our support of venal dictators. And he recognizes the Latin predisposition to wishful thinking. Nevertheless, he argues that despite its unpopularity—especially in the large countries such as Brazil and Mexico—intervention by the regional organization is essential to halt the spread of Communism in Latin America.

We are given in this volume the portrait of a man who saw the League of Nations fail for lack of implementation and who still is working for peace, but with new purpose and determination. He has learned through sad experience that Communism never lives by the rules, and for that reason must be throttled by action and law operating through regional or international organizations.

He has come a long way since the days before the Second World War when he helped form the World Foundation—for peace—in the hopes of averting, through education, a war he accurately predicted. In 1937 he wrote: ". . . the real reason why that embryo of world government called the League of Nations has failed to achieve world peace is due to the fact that it had been thinking of nothing else but world peace, in the puerile sense of 'prevention of war,' while leaving entirely fallow the real fields in which its activities ought to have fertilized the world, namely those of friendly and positive collaboration toward the general welfare of all the nations and men of the world." This concept is restated in de Madariaga's recommendation of monumental aid and understanding for Latin America, and he acknowledges that the Kennedy administration has begun such a program—bravely but perhaps too

late—in the Alliance for Progress. But now the Spanish statesman-scholar takes his reasoning a step beyond "friendly and positive collaboration" to include armed intervention.

His syllogism is that nonintervention "(a) has never been practiced; (b) cannot be practiced; (c) and would be a most retrograde policy if it could be practiced." Nonintervention in the Spanish Civil War by France and Great Britain, he contends, amounted tragically to a kind of negative intervention that "determined the defeat of the western ideology of liberal democracy in the Peninsula." Not to intervene in a Communist Cuba, he suggests, could have a comparably disastrous effect in all of Latin America. The heart of his argument lies in the statement: "The issue therefore is not whether intervention in itself is right or wrong, since no such issue exists *a priori;* but whether the way it is applied in a given specific case is right or wrong."

On these grounds, he defends the April, 1961, Cuban invasion and takes issue with those who believe that "intervention in this case by Cuban exiles was wrong because Castro and the Cuban people are right. This is a curious aberration . . ." How can a man who delivers his country to Communism be right, he asks, affirming that the argument that the Cuban people are behind Castro is nullified by the fact that Cuba is now a totalitarian country and is immersed in prefabricated opinion.

In theory, this position may be logical; in practice, however, it would be impossible to apply at present. The reluctance of the Latin-American countries at Punta del Este even to separate Cuba from the OAS revealed once more their deep-seated opposition to intervention, however logical or restrained. The members of the OAS fear that someday they might be the victims of intervention, with the Cuban case used as a precedent.

If there is one hope for eventual application of the de Madariaga thesis, it lies with President Rómulo Betancourt of Venezuela. When he produced unmistakable evidence that the Dominican Republic's dictator, the late Rafael Trujillo, was involved in an attempt to assassinate him and overthrow the Venezuelan government, the OAS applied diplomatic and gradual economic sanctions against Trujillo. The increasing evidence of Communist and Castro involvement in the recent rebellions in Venezuela may possibly

provide the rope—now only a thread—with which Castro may yet hang himself. Perhaps only when the danger strikes closer to home will the reluctant OAS members be convinced of the enormity of Castro's betrayal of the Cuban revolution and the significance of that betrayal in the rest of the troubled region.



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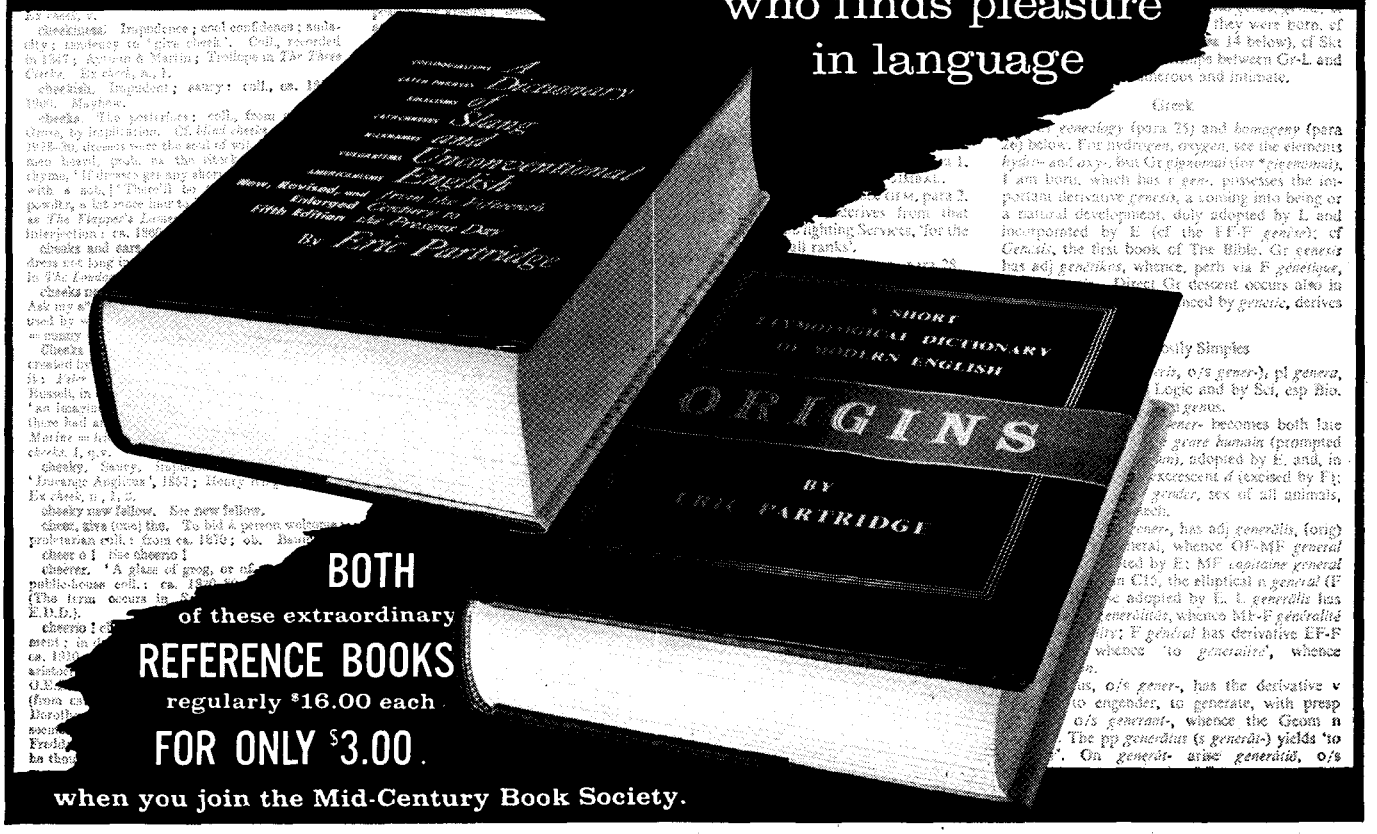
# A rare opportunity for readers, writers— for **everyone** who finds pleasure in language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Eric Partridge
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ORIGINS
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